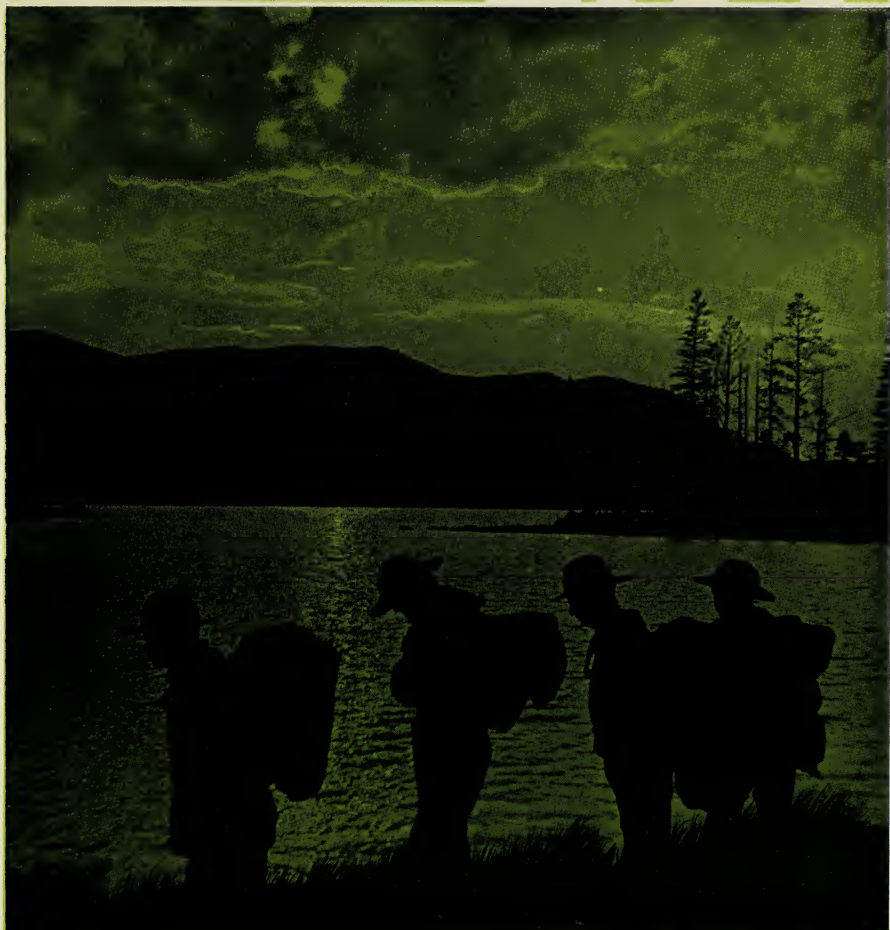


The IMPROVEMENT ERA



IN THIS ISSUE—

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
CHARLES A. CALLIS
CARVETH WELLS

HEBER J. GRANT
HARVEY FLETCHER
LEAH D. WIDTSOE

AUGUST, 1936

Volume 39 Number 8
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

COMING IN SEPTEMBER

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS—DISCUSSING ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW ON THE PERENNIAL QUESTION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION, WITH PROMINENT REFERENCE TO A RECENT BOOK BY SIR AMBROSE FLEMING.

THE RELIGION OF THE PIUTE INDIANS, BY WILLIAM R. PALMER, PRESIDENT OF PAROWAN STAKE AND AN ADOPTED SON OF THE TRIBE. THIS COLORFUL AND INFORMATIVE TREATMENT BY ONE OF THE WEST'S BEST QUALIFIED AUTHORITIES ON INDIAN LORE BRINGS NEW LIGHT CONCERNING LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS. SAYS THE AUTHOR: "IN ALL MY LIFE I HAVE NEVER HEARD AN INDIAN PROFANE THE NAMES OF HIS GODS."

"LANDMARKS IN THE NETHERLANDS MISSION" BY T. EDGAR LYON, PRESIDENT OF THE NETHERLANDS MISSION. THE RESTORED GOSPEL HAS BEEN PREACHED SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS IN EUROPE'S LOWLAND COUNTRY. EARLY NAMES AND EARLY SCENES WALK ACROSS THE PAGES OF PRINT AS A STORY OF THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY AGO IS TOLD.

"BLOOM OF THE DESERT" BY VESTA P. CRAWFORD—IN WHICH A DRAB AND COLORLESS PLACE BECOMES ALIVE AND COLORFUL TO THE SEEING EYE.

FICTION POETRY BOOKS

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS
THE JOURNAL OF ARCHER WALTERS

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL
OFFICES:
50 North Main Street, Salt Lake
City, Utah

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The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes and will exercise care in handling all contributions.

A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

458

The IMPROVEMENT ERA

AUGUST, 1936
VOLUME 39 NUMBER 8

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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The Cover

"TRAIL'S END" is the title of the cover illustration. It is reproduced from a photograph taken from the east shore of Granddaddy Lake, Utah, by Paul S. Bieler of Ogden, Utah. Mr. Bieler, a native of France who joined the Church at twenty-one years of age two months after arriving in Utah, has been engaged in extensive photographic activities since he was fourteen years old, and has won several prizes for his skill and artistry. "Trail's End" which appears to be a night silhouette, was actually taken late on an August afternoon. "The Lake Ruth Campfire" on page 463 is also by Paul S. Bieler.

COMING SOON to readers of *The* IMPROVEMENT ERA "The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain"

THE STORY OF OLD POSEY, PIUTE RENEGADE

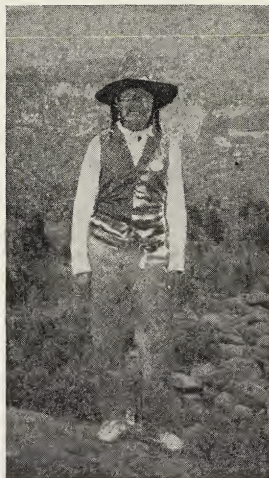
By ALBERT R. LYMAN
AUTHOR OF THE "VOICE OF THE INTANGIBLE"

THIS FULL length novel based on the colorful history of the Southwest, will be published in installments in this magazine prior to its appearance in book form.

ADVENTURE,
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THE SAN JUAN Pioneers of the Mormon Church walk across the horizon of this story of Indian outlawry as dauntless guardians of peace in a scene of troubled unrest.

THE LAW of primitive man, the law of the tribe, and the law of the white man come into conflict for more than half-a-century, and the story that comes out of it lives and breathes and warms the heart—and chills it, too, at times.



OLD POSEY

CONFLICT,
CONQUEST,
AND
RETRIBUTION

SO ANXIOUS were law enforcement officers concerning the final disposition of old Posey, that, thirteen years ago, when his lawless domination of the meeting-ground of four states ended with his death, they disinterred him to make identification certain.

WATCH for the story of Old Posey by a colorful writer who knew him as trusted friend and as mortal enemy.

Read
"The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain"
Beginning Soon in
The IMPROVEMENT ERA

DESERT SHRINE

By FLOYD T. WOOD

YES, we took a bit of desert
For a homestead, Sue and I.
Hoped to win success as farmers;
Pleased to have the chance to try.
Built a log and 'dobe cabin
Where 'twas handy to the spring.
Sue called it a sagebrush palace;
Nicknamed me 'The Sagebrush King.'

Plowed a dam to hold the waters
From the winter snows and rains.
Set out trees and shrubs and roses;
Planted hardy hay and grains.
How we laughed and sang and frolicked
At these strange new jobs to do;
Seemed that things we'd hoped and prayed for
All our lives would here come true.

No more tramping, no more wand'ring,
Here a chance to settle down.
Love would make the gray days brighter—
What odds fifty miles to town?
Prairie larks our clock of mornings
Calling us to work and fun.
Brown our faces, tanned and crinkled
With the claw marks of the sun.

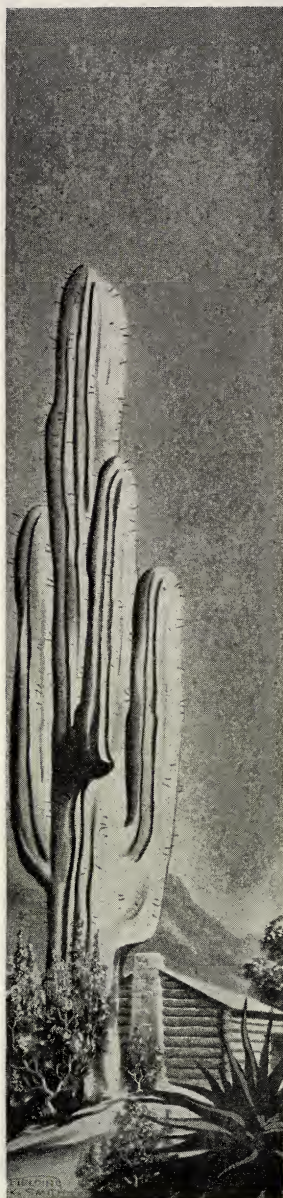
Winter, long; then spring's chinooking
Filled my lake with waters deep.
Bought a cow, a pig, some chickens,
And a little band of sheep.
In our garden fresh and greening
Sue and I were well repaid.
Proud because a barren acre
Into Eden had been made.

But as blossoms wilt and wither
In the sting of winter's breath
So my dreams were on the evening
When my love lay cold in death.
Numbed and broken there beside her
Asking God why this must be;
And the night was dark and silent
As the desert mourned with me.

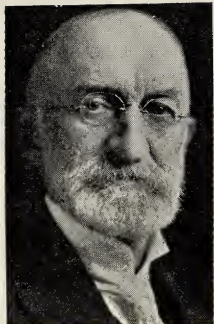
So this cabin that we built
Stands now empty and alone;
Roof sagged down and chimney fallen;
Through wide cracks the night winds moan.
When the sun is warm the lizards
In the doorway pause to rest;
'Neath the floor are squirming rattlers;
In the loft the pack rats nest.

Sightless windows ghostly staring
From the rooms where prayers were said.
Where our flowers and garden flourished
Rank the sagebrush grows instead.
Lake and fences, fields and ditches,
Scarce a sign of mortal hand.
Home that was, a broken Eden,
Buried 'neath the marching sand.

Not one jot of earthly value
In those ruins stark and gray;
By mankind and God forgotten;
Still I linger, day by day,
Watching, hoping, listening ever
For the call to set me free;
Well I know my Sue is waiting
In God's homestead fair for me.



THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS TO SCOUTERS



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

DR. JAMES E. WEST, Chief Scout Executive and Editor of "Boys' Life," introduced President Grant at the "General Convocation on Scouting in the Churches" as follows:

"Our first speaker this morning is President Heber J. Grant, of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints. I happen to know that President Grant, who has always been a consistent friend of Scouting, is here this morning at considerable personal sacrifice, but this is nothing new for him. He looks to be a man of youth and vigor, but it may amaze you to learn, many of you, that he is actually nearly eighty years of age. And yet he spends less time in his home than we have the privilege of spending in our homes. His service is in the cause of his belief, his Church, and it takes him hither and yonder by plane and by train and by auto. I am sure it is in the heart of every man here to express gratitude to President Grant, indeed to all of his associates, for the splendid, practical cooperation that has been given almost from the very start of Scouting here in America. Yes, I should like to go further. He has been so helpful and encouraging in the evidence of friendship and brotherhood that it has been a source of great joy and pleasure to work with him.

"Age is a quality of mind;

If your dreams you have left behind,

If hope is cold, if you no longer look ahead,

If your ambition fires are dead, Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,

And if in life you keep the zest, If love you hold, no matter how the years roll by,

No matter how the birthdays fly, You are not old."

AND I can prove that. I went to Scotland while presiding over the European Mission and the British Mission of our Church, and an old lady asked me my age. I told her if I lived a few weeks, giving the exact number, I would be fifty years of age. She said, "Oh, nay, nay, never see sixty-five again." She thought I was lying to her.

Just after that, my successor presiding over those two missions arrived and he was twenty-five years older than I. We had over one hundred people emigrating that day to Utah. That was in the early days when a man could go up into Idaho, in the vicinity of Utah, and get a hundred and sixty acres of land at \$1.25 an acre. Some of it years later sold at \$300. And we had many missionaries going home, and my successor had brought a lot with him. We had had a very, very strenuous day.

At night the shipping firm with which we did business sent me four theatre tickets. When there was something very fine at the Shakespeare Theatre they would do that. I turned to my wife and said: "Em, I wouldn't go to the finest theatre on earth. I am tired. I am going to bed to sleep. Take a missionary to bring you home and two of our daughters and use these tickets."

My successor, the late Charles W. Penrose, who lived to be over ninety-one years of age, said: "Sister Grant, let that old man go to bed. I will take you to the theatre."

The next morning I took him to see the new home that we had purchased for headquarters—twice as fine as the one I had had. The gentleman from whom we had pur-

THE Sixth National Training Conference of Scout Executives was held March 11 to 18, 1936, at French Lick, Indiana. President Heber J. Grant was there by invitation of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America and twice addressed the more than nine hundred delegates who attended the "General Convocation on Scouting in the Churches" held Sunday, March 15. The President was accorded a sincerely warm and hearty reception, and this message to Scouters has been taken from his remarks made on that occasion.

chased the place was moving his furniture out and somebody asked him to guess our ages. He looked us over quite carefully and said: "I should say that Mr. Penrose was sixty, and Mr. Grant sixty-five."

Next Sunday we went to a conference and I thought I would get those three jabs between the eyes corrected, so I asked the president of the Birmingham Conference: "Which do you think is the older, Mr. Penrose or myself?"

He said: "The idea of asking such a ridiculous question. Anybody can see you are very much older than Brother Penrose." I hit the table and said: "No old man will ever take my wife to the theatre again," and they never have.

Now I repeated the articles of faith of our Church in the meeting this morning, all of them; I am not going to do that here, but I am going to read what your Chief* wrote to me:

"As we review the history of the Boy Scout movement, we find that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was the

*Referring to Dr. James E. West, Chief Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, who sent the letter, from which excerpts are here quoted, to President Grant.

first to give its official endorsement to Scouting. As we review the records of our Local Councils and the various church groups, we find that the Mormon Church leads all others in the high percentage of its boys and young men who have received Scout training. It is therefore most fitting and proper that the Mormon Church be represented in our General Convocation on Scouting in the Churches, and I am writing on behalf of the Conference Committee, to extend a cordial invitation to you as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to speak in behalf of the Mormon Church and bring to our group your appraisal of the value of Scouting in the magnificent program which you have developed for your boys and your young men.

"We would be pleased to have you indicate very clearly the close correlation between the program of your Scout Troops and Explorer Scouts, formerly Vanguard, with the program of the Aaronic Priesthood.

"You have gone further than any other church group in relating Scouting to the entire program of your church in its service to boys. We would like our group to have a clear picture of how completely this has worked out to our mutual satisfaction."

WE HAVE over one thousand wards and branches from Canada to Mexico, and in each ward and branch we have a meetinghouse, and we are working for Scouts from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south. We also have missions all over the world.

Again quoting Dr. West's letter:

"While you are indicating the church Scout Executive relationship, we hope that you will also emphasize the great fundamental principles that undergird our national life and the spiritual motivation which is essential to good citizenship."

It is a real pleasure to have accepted this invitation. I do not see very well how I could have afforded to stay away, with such a splendid request as this contained in the letter from your Chief Scout. Traveling such distances as from Santa Barbara to French Lick is, of course, not unusual with me. I have been home one Sunday, I believe, in the last eight weeks. I have been from San Francisco to New York twice and down to California a time or two and over to Phoenix and other places, and really and truly I am a very much younger man than I was just before I was fifty.

As to the fundamentals of our Church position: The reason that we joined Scouting, I was going to tell you, but your Chief has done it for me. I borrowed this book to read just what he has already read.* Here is a declaration of belief regarding governments and laws in 462

general adopted by unanimous vote of a general assembly of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This was adopted August 17, 1835, and there has not been the slightest change. You can get a unanimous vote on it again today. There is a page and a half of this, but I am only going to read three paragraphs, because my time is limited:

"We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that He holds men accountable for their

PRIOR to President Grant's address Dr. James E. West read this excerpt from the Constitution of the Boy Scouts of America:

ARTICLE III—PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES

"Section 1—The Boy Scouts of America maintains that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God. In the first part of the Boy Scout's Oath or pledge the boy promises, 'On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law.' The recognition of God as the ruling and leading power in the universe, and the grateful acknowledgment of His favors and blessings, are necessary to the best type of citizenship, and are wholesome things in the education of the growing boy. No matter what the boy may be—Catholic or Protestant or Jew—this fundamental need of good citizenship should be kept before him. The Boy Scouts of America therefore recognizes the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely non-sectarian in its attitude toward religious training. Its policy is that the organization or institution with which the Boy Scout is connected shall give definite attention to his religious life.

"Only men willing to subscribe to this declaration of principle shall be entitled to certificates of leadership in carrying out the Boy Scout Program.

"The activities of the members of the Boy Scouts of America shall be carried on under conditions which show respect for the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion, as required by the Twelfth Scout Law, reading 'A Scout is reverent. He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.'

"In no case where a Troop is connected with a church or other distinctly religious institution, shall Scouts of other denominations or faith be required, because of their membership in the Scout Troop, to take part in or observe a religious ceremony distinctly peculiar to that institution or church."

*See boxed note Article III quoted above which was read by Dr. James E. West previous to President Grant's address.

acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them, for the good and safety of society.

"We believe that no government can exist in peace, except as such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life.

"We do not believe it just to mingle religious influence with civil government; whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges, and the individual rights of its members, as citizens, denied." . . .

—Doc. and Cov., Sec. 134:1, 2, 9.

The reason that we were ready and willing and anxious to join with the Boy Scouts has been given in what has been read to you here by your Chief Executive.* We found something that pleased us very much indeed. Here is what Joseph Smith has to say about the Constitution:

"The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a weary and thirsty land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."—Joseph Smith.

Some men are ridiculing today the idea that old men, old fossils, so to speak, are on the Supreme Court bench. Well, I do not believe any member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints can consistently do that. It might be of interest to you to know that John Taylor became the president of our Church when he was seventy-two years of age, that Wilford Woodruff became the president when he was eighty-two, and that Lorenzo Snow became the president when he was eighty-five, and Joseph F. Smith when he was sixty-two, and Heber J. Grant when he was sixty-two, and that each and all of us have served from fifty-one to fifty-seven years as Apostles from the day that we were ordained, and the Mormon Church for the last fifty-five years has had somebody presiding over it who was an old man. Lorenzo Snow, from eighty-five to eighty-eight, did some of the most remarkable and wonderful and splendid work that was ever done by any man presiding over our Church.

*One reason we joined the Scouts has just been given to you by your Chief Executive, and there is nothing that we desire to emphasize more than that it is our duty to implant in the hearts of all boys a reverence for God and a desire to be directed by God.

I REMEMBER purchasing and distributing one thousand copies of *The Fundamentals of Prosperity* by Roger W. Babson, the great statistician, in which he tells about being in South America. Mr. Babson says:

Just before I went to Brazil I was the guest of the President of the Argentine Republic. After lunching one day we sat in his sun parlor looking out over the river. He was very thoughtful. He said, "Mr. Babson, I have been wondering why it is that South America with all its great natural advantages is so far behind North America notwithstanding that South America was settled before North America." Then he went on to tell how the forests of South America had two hundred and eighty-six trees that can be found in no book of botany. He told me about many ranches that had thousands of acres under alfalfa in one block. He mentioned the mines of iron, coal, copper, silver, gold; all those great rivers and waterpowers which rival Niagara. "Why is it, with all these natural resources, South America is so far behind North America?" he asked. Well, those of you who have been there know the reason. But, being a guest, I said:

"Mr. President, what do you think is the reason?"

He replied: "I have come to this conclusion. South America was settled by the Spanish who came to South America in search of gold, but North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers who went there in search of God."

I quote from our Articles of Faith:

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

"We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may."

When the Catholic people erected their first church in Salt Lake City they were welcomed and a donation in aid of its erection was made by the Mormon Church. And in the

last month from an appeal made to me by one of the Protestant churches for help I sent them a check not only from our Church but a donation from myself.

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law."

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul. We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

I repeat: "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

When we discovered the fundamentals of the Boy Scouts, we were looking for just such a thing and that is why we joined.

You are teaching boys to be honest. I hold in my hand one of eight essays written by William George Jordan. William George Jordan

was at one time the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and I shall take the time to read the first, second and last paragraphs of this first essay:

"Truth is the rock foundation of every great character. It is loyalty to the right as we see it; it is courageous living of our lives in harmony with our ideals; it is always—power."

That one sentence is the thing that you are endeavoring to instill into the hearts of the Boy Scouts, and it is worth everything.

"Truth ever defies full definition. Like electricity it can only be explained by noticing its manifestation. It is the compass of the soul, the guardian of conscience, the final touchstone of right. Truth is the revelation of the ideal; but it is also an inspiration to realize that ideal, a constant impulse to live it."

.....

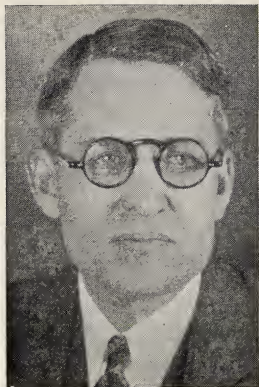
"A man cannot truly believe in God without believing in the final inevitable triumph of Truth. If you have Truth on your side you can pass through the dark valley of slander, misrepresentation and abuse, undaunted, as though you wore a magic suit of mail that no bullet could enter, no arrow could pierce. You can hold your head high, toss it fearlessly and defiantly, look every man calmly and unflinchingly in the eye, as though you rode, a victorious king, returning at the head of your legions with banners waving and lances glistening, and bugles filling the air with music. You can feel the great expansive wave of moral health surging through you as the quickened blood courses through the body of him who is gladly, gloriously proud of physical health. You will know that all will come right in the end, that it *must* come, that error must flee before the great white light of truth, as darkness slinks away into nothingness in the presence of the sunburst. Then, with Truth as your guide, your companion, your ally, and inspiration, you tingle with the consciousness of your kinship with the Infinite and all the petty trials, sorrows and sufferings of life fade away like temporary, harmless visions seen in a dream."



Photograph by Paul S. Bieler.

THE LAKE RUTH CAMPFIRE





HARVEY FLETCHER

DR. HARVEY FLETCHER, *Physical Research Director of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and a scientist of international eminence, returned to his Alma Mater, Brigham Young University, to address the graduating class of 1936. From his remarks made on that occasion this article has been prepared for "The Improvement Era."* In the December 1935 issue of this magazine, there appears a brief biographical sketch of Dr. Fletcher and his attainments. Dr. Fletcher prefaced his remarks to the graduating class with these words: "During my sixteen years' association with Brigham Young University, as a student and teacher, and since leaving it, which is now twenty years ago, a philosophy for judging the values in life has been gradually evolving in my mind. I am going to try to express that philosophy to you today. For lack of a better title I have called it 'The Mathematics of Joy and Success.'"

A FORMULA FROM LIFE

By HARVEY FLETCHER, Ph.D., D.Sc.

THE MATHEMATICS OF JOY AND SUCCESS—
THE NET JOY IN LIFE IS THE TOTAL JOY MINUS THE PRICE WE PAY FOR IT. "MEN ARE THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE JOY." BOTH SAINTS AND SINNERS ALIKE AGREE THAT SUCH IS THE PURPOSE OF LIFE, BUT IT IS NEGLECTING TO CONSIDER THE COST OF A FLEETING JOY OR PLEASURE THAT LEADS TO A LIFE OF MISERY AND UNHAPPINESS.

has offered, or the amount he has given to charities. Still another thinks his great joy in life will be accomplished in the attainment of great riches. Or again, the school teacher thinks that the molding of young minds is where success in life is found.

As young men and women go out from more or less sheltered places of preparation to take active place in a quickly moving world they are confronted with innumerable urges and no doubt with much advice to follow this or that course for finding this joy. Remember that joy is the objective, and any other immediate activity should be directed toward this ultimate end. It seems paradoxical but life is so constituted that in order to attain this objective in the most complete form, when once oriented towards it we must then forget about it.

Joy is a real quantity. You know when you have it in abundance and also when it is scarce. It can therefore be considered as a measurable quantity. You can have more or you can have less. In trying to emphasize the fact that joy is a measurable quantity, I have gone so far as to try to define a unit of joy. For example, one might speak of the unit of joy as that joy experienced by an average individual when he shakes hands with a friend whom he sees perhaps once a week. With this concept in mind then one can speak of say 100 joy units or 1000 joy units, etc.

For example, I might speak of the thrill which I receive when I am permitted to mingle again with my old friends in the West as being meas-

ured by 100 joy units. However, I must pay for this joy in some pain and sorrow. For example, this joy necessitates my leaving my family and spending three uncomfortable nights on the train. Also, it necessitates paying out money which might have been used for getting joy in some other way. So we must subtract from the 100 joy units 20 or 30 in order to get the net joy. It may seem absurd to illustrate in this way, but I am sure it helps to emphasize the problem which everyone is confronted with every day of his life.

BEFORE taking part in any activity in life one should consider its cost in negative joy units and compare them with the positive joy units which he expects to experience. It is the neglect to consider the cost of a fleeting joy or pleasure that leads to a life of misery and unhappiness.

So from this point of view we might consider that for everyone a joy account is being kept. On one side of this account let us say in black ink is kept the positive joy units experienced as one goes through life while on the other side in red ink is kept the negative joy units. The amount that the positive units exceed the negative ones is a measure of the extent to which one has approached the full rich life each one is seeking. Mathematically, this measure of a full rich life could be written down as a summation.* It would represent the net joy that he experiences during his lifetime. So let me repeat that all of us have joy

*See appendix.

LEHI, that great character in the Book of Mormon, in giving his last blessing and advice to Jacob, his son, made this significant statement: "Men are that they might have joy." This is one of the briefest and most definite statements concerning the purpose of life that has ever been written. Almost everybody will agree, both saints and sinners alike, that such is the purpose of life.

In his own way everyone is seeking joy and happiness. One man thinks he is attaining this purpose of life when he gets drunk and goes on a wild party. He thinks he is having a wonderful time. Another man measures life's success by the number of religious meetings he has attended, the number of prayers he

accounts to which entries are being made daily both on the red side and also on the black side.

Before discussing some of the situations in life which yield large amounts of joy compared to their cost in pain, sorrow, and regret, I desire to discuss another account which is also kept daily for each individual, namely, his success account.

In order to understand this account, let us pause for a moment to define success. If joy is the purpose of life, then he is most successful who is responsible for bringing the most joy to the most persons in the world. Putting it in mathematical language, one could say that a man's *success* in living this mortal life is measured by the summation* of all the *joy* for which he is the cause. This *joy* may be in his own life, in the lives of his contemporaries, or in the lives of those who are to live in the future, that is, in the life of any who might be affected by his words, actions, and accomplishments. The entries to this *success* account are taken from all the other *joy* accounts.

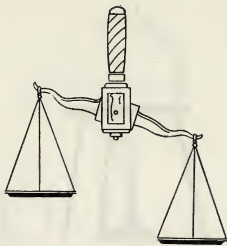
To make clear what is meant let us consider the *success* account of the President of Brigham Young University. In his *success* account, there will be entries taken from his *joy* account including all those items in his account which are directly due to this man himself. However, this will be only a small part of all the entries in his *success* account. For there must come entries from the accounts of every man in the world who has been affected by him. For example, there must come from each of the *joy* accounts of Brigham Young students entries that go into the President's *success* account. Some of these will be on the red side and some will be on the black. He has given pain and sorrow to some which cause entries on the red side and joy and happiness to others which cause entries on the black side. Long after he is dead entries will come into his *success* account on both sides of the ledger. His *success* at any time is determined by the excess of *positive joy units* in his *success* account over the *negative* ones.

It is thus seen that all of our accounts will be tied together by similar entries in our *joy* account and some other one's *success* account. In other words, each act or thought of yours or mine affects everybody

in the world, those immediately surrounding us most and those farther and farther away from our society to a lesser and lesser degree. And it is the kind of reactions set up in the hearts and minds of other people due to our actions that determines our success in life.

LET US consider for a moment a cross-section of life's activities that necessarily produce entries in our success account. In other words, what are the things we can do to produce joy in the world? It seems to me that these activities can be grouped under three general classes, namely:

- (1) those concerned with direct contact with other persons.
- (2) those concerned with the for-



mulation of general principles of living.

- (3) those concerned with the creation of the material things for the benefit of man.

Under the first class we have the emotional reactions of others caused by our acts and attitudes toward them. For this St. Paul has given a wonderful guide in the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians in which he extols love of fellowmen as the greatest force in the world and analyzes it into its component parts as patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good-temper, guilelessness, and sincerity. The emulation of these attitudes is the very heart of Christian living and they have been emphasized in the teachings of Latter-day Saints. Following them produces a great number of joy units every day of our lives.

Then there are the intellectual reactions caused by direct contact as between teacher and student, lecturer and those in his audience, and the speaker who asks thoughtful questions and his listeners. A large part of the university student's time is occupied with such reactions. And

in the proper atmosphere of university learning, there is a large net gain on the positive side of our joy accounts due to these intellectual experiences, although at times some of us may have thought that most of it was on the negative side.

Some no doubt will become teachers and lecturers. If they are well-qualified and have the proper attitude as outlined above, they will have a wonderful chance to build a large success account because of their contacts with so many persons as students. Each student who has been properly taught will continue to add to the teacher's success account not only during his student days but during his entire life.

On the other hand if the teacher is incompetent or has the wrong attitude toward students, he can build up a large balance on the negative side of his success account. It is better not to live at all than to be a continual source of sorrow and pain for other people. I have seen some young teachers start out on their careers full of idealism and enthusiasm but after a few years they become tired and sometimes actually ill so that they become "crabby" and "cranky." If teachers ever find themselves in that condition they should quit work as teachers before they have irreparably damaged their success accounts.

Then there are the material benefits bestowed by one person to another. In this class are food, clothing, and shelter. A large part of life's activity must be devoted to these necessities of life because great sorrow, pain, and distress can be caused by lack of them. The wise man chooses those activities in life which enable him to scatter joy units to all whom he daily contacts and at the same time receive enough money from his activities adequately to provide for the necessities of life.

The foolish man extracts his money for these necessities of life by scattering pain, sorrow, and strife. Whether his activities are within or without the law makes little difference. Such a man frequently pays 100 units in pain and sorrow for every joy unit which he or his family receives. David Starr Jordan put it concisely thus: "Success is doing what you want to do and being paid for it." And what we want to do should always be guided by the highest idealism.

Then there are the spiritual reactions and uplift caused by our acts and attitudes toward others. It may be considered old-fashioned

*See appendix.

and unmodern to say so but I would be unscientific if I did not frankly admit that hundreds and thousands of joy units have been posted on the positive side of my joy account, due to the prayer, the blessing, and the testimony bearing of my associates in the Church.

In those activities under the second general class which are concerned with the formulation of general principles and plans of living there are only a few who succeed in making many contributions. For those who do succeed, however, the rewards in success units are so large that it is worth a lifetime effort.

For example, some may contribute to the principles of government. There was never a greater opportunity in this country for men and women who have the ability to think clearly and sanely and at the same time be actuated by a high idealism. Such men and women are needed to formulate plans and principles of government which will be effective in bringing us out of the great uncertainty and unrest which now exists. Closely related to formulating new principles of government is the formulating of new economic principles which will be more useful than those which are known today. I do not mean to infer that the principles of government and economics which you were taught are wrong but they must be modified and added to and applied to meet the needs of our modern society.

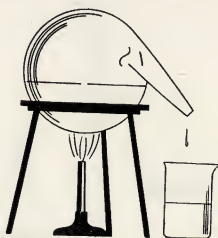
IN THE field of home-making there is still great need for further formulating and applying definite guiding principles and also of finding ways and means of inculcating them in the minds of prospective home-makers. Then there is the great field of religion, philosophy, and ethics which is still beckoning to great minds and great souls. Although men's minds have been struggling with such problems for ages there is still much left to be done.

One can hardly conceive the total joy units caused by the philosophy and terse sayings of such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Elbert Hubbard, George H. Brimhall, and others. Their work produces every single day large dividends which must be applied on the positive side of their success account and will continue to do so through future generations. So although it is only a person of rare ability who can succeed at formulating general prin-

ciples of living, to him who does succeed come great rewards.

Then there is the third general class of activities concerned with the creation and distribution of material things. Probably most of our activities are concerned with this class of things.

Business, including the business of running the government, is the largest field in this class. You are all familiar with its many sub-divisions such as farming, manufacturing, merchandising, transportation, communication, banking. There are great opportunities in each of these fields for real service. We must be content here merely to enumerate them. We have the interesting field of scientific research and invention. Great strides are being made every



day in this field and there never was a greater opportunity for those of real ability, but I must warn you that competition has become much keener in this field than it was some years ago. From the fundamental principles laid down by Faraday and Maxwell in the electrical field and by Carnot in the transference of heat has come the present mechanical age. I need only remind you of the great joy and happiness brought to millions and millions of homes through the inventions of Thomas A. Edison and Alexander Graham Bell to illustrate the rewards which come from such work.

IN THE great field of medicine with its many ramifications some of you may make contribution which will relieve suffering and pain and thus bring great benefits to mankind.

In the field of art there are great possibilities of bringing joy to a large number of people. I frequently go to Washington and if it is possible I always spend a short time in the presence of the Lincoln Memorial which to me is one of the art treasures of America. It seems to breathe the spirit of him it com-

memorates. As you stand before its portals these words greet you: "In this temple as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever." I will not describe this lovely spot but the point I wish to emphasize is that hundreds of thousands of others like me are receiving joy and inspiration from this beautiful memorial every day and will continue to do so for many centuries. The man who created that beautiful memorial will indeed have a large success account.

I could give similar illustrations in the fields of music and literature, but I would only be repeating the things which most of us already know.

Let me close this enumeration by naming the field of amusement, recreation, and games. The joy and happiness resulting from properly cultivating this field is so obvious that I need not take the time to discuss it.

This list of activities includes only the positive activities which will give joy and satisfaction in living. There are certain taboos placed upon our activity both by the Church and also by society. There are certain things we are told not to do. We may have rebelled at least in thought if not in action at these restraints. We may have been caught by a spirit that is too prevalent nowadays which says to follow our desires no matter where they lead us. If we should break through these restraints and engage in these forbidden activities we would find them too expensive. The price in sorrow, pain, and regret, that is, the price in negative joy units, is much greater than the positive joy that they will bring.

There may be a few taboos in our midst for which this is not true. If there are such it will only be a question of time until they are removed. In the meantime it will be safer to abide by all of them. By so doing our activities will not be sufficiently circumscribed to prevent a full, rich life and we will be avoiding dangers which we cannot now see which would seriously cut into our success accounts.

So in making a choice for any activity, whether a major or minor one, consider the cost in pain, sorrow, and regret compared to the joy received. Seek those things which yield large contributions to the positive side of your success account and which at the same time produce only

small amounts on the negative side. In this seeking you will find great help in three magical words—faith, love, work.

How this world today needs faith! The plighted word of one government to another in a solemn treaty is now too often looked upon as a rhetorical record to be set aside when convenient. Nations do not have faith in each other and because of the lack of it Europe is inevitably drifting toward another great war. Have faith that right will ultimately prevail and that there is a real purpose to life. Have faith in mankind for you will find that most persons are trying to do what is right. It is the small minority that is giving the world an evil and ugly appearance. Have faith in God. It is not just a lucky coincidence that most of the Nobel prize winners in science are men who have declared their faith in God. Let me quote what Max Plank says on this subject. He is a Nobel prize winner and is sometimes considered the father of modern physics. He is the author of *The Quantum Theory of Light*. Here are his words taken from his book entitled *Where is Science Going*:

"There can never be any real opposition between religion and science; for the one is the complement of the other. Every serious and reflective person realizes, I think, that the religious element in his nature must be recognized and cultivated if all the powers of the human soul are to act together in perfect balance and harmony.

And indeed it was not by any accident that the greatest thinkers of all ages were also deeply religious souls, even though they made no public show of their religious feelings."

IT HAS been two thousand years since Jesus said that the greatest commandment was to "Love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." It is not just another verse in the Bible but a fundamental truth that must be obeyed before society can live together in peace. We must face the world with love in our hearts for those with whom we associate. It is a high Christian ideal but it is worth striving for because the nearer we approach it the larger the dividends in joy units will be.

And finally the third magical word, "work." "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." Sweat of the brow means hard work. We cannot expect to accomplish anything worth while without good hard work. If you keep these three words in mind and inculcate that for which they stand into your lives you will find that no matter where you happen to work or what your job may be, when this life is over your success account will show a satisfactory balance on the positive side.

APPENDIX

After this talk was given a number of the graduates asked me to write down the

mathematical equations for joy and success to which I had referred. So for the benefit of others who are interested in such equations I am giving them in this appendix.

Let us define the joy line as a graph which represents at any time, from date of birth b to date of death d , the intensity of joy experienced by an individual. Such joy lines for certain successful and unsuccessful men would be very interesting indeed for they would contain a life history.

We will designate the ordinate of the joy line for the individual designated x by $J_x(t)$. The time t within the parenthesis indicates that J is varying as time proceeds and the subscript x indicates the graph is for the joy experienced by individual x .

Then the measure L_x of the richness of the life lived by x is given by the equation

$$L_x = \int_b^d J_x(t).dt$$

which may be called the joy equation. The lower limit b is the birth date and the upper limit d the death date.

Now let us consider the measure S_y of the success of individual y . A certain fraction of the intensity of joy J_x experienced by individual x is due to individual y . Let this fraction be F_{yx} . Then the joy intensity of individual x due to acts of y is $F_{yx}J_x$. Consequently the total joy of individual x due to individual y is given by

$$\int_b^d J_x.F_{yx}.dt.$$

A similar expression must be obtained for each individual in the world and then these expressions added together. This is expressed by the summation

$$S_y = \sum_{x=1}^{x=N} \int_b^d J_x.F_{yx}.dt$$

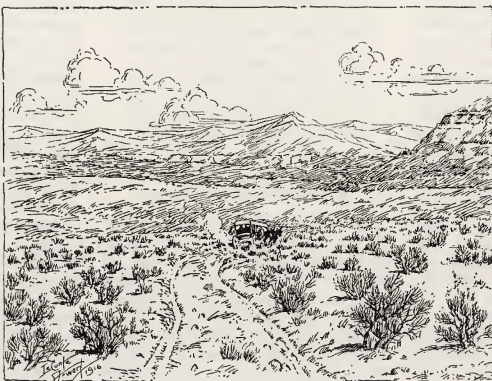
which may be called the success equation. The summation extends from $x=1$, the first individuals to $x=N$, where N is the number of persons in the world affected in any way by individual y .

SAGEBRUSH

By J. C. HOGENSON

TO A WESTERNER who has been absent from home for some time in other parts of the world, there is probably nothing missed so much—nothing that makes him realize that he is home again—as the sight and smell of good old western sagebrush, *artemesia tridentata*. At his first opportunity he grabs a handful and squeezes it affectionately and as the fragrant, pungent aroma reaches his nostrils, he knows that he is really home. At night as he is seated at his camp fire, the aromatic odor of sagebrush smoke makes him draw a deep breath and say to himself: "My, but it is good to be home again."

As he stands upon a hill and looks over a valley covered with this western plant,



he is inspired. Close at his feet the prevailing color is a greenish tinge of gray. A little farther away the gray color changes to a haze of light blue. Then, as the distance increases, the haze changes to purplish gray, and then to a beautiful hazy garnet in the far distance against the mountains on the opposite side of the valley. He stands almost transfixed; the changing hues which the sagebrush brings to view as the sunshine and shadow float over the valley from near to far away have touched his longing heart. He knows now, probably for the first time, that this is home and that there is no other place on earth that holds him so firmly in its loving friendly arms as the sagebrush-covered West.

YOUR BIRTHRIGHT

THE PIONEERS' MESSAGE TO THE YOUTH OF TODAY

By LEAH D. WIDTSOE



FIELDING K. SMITH

SOME TIME ago in a magazine was printed the picture of a crowd of men emerging from a huge automobile factory. Underneath was printed the caption: "The World's basic industry—Manufacture."

As one looked at the thousands of men crowding out of the factory at closing time, one was forced to conclude that as important as the arts and trades and manufacture may be in human life there is at least one industry that is much more basic and that is agriculture. Every one of those men who spend their waking hours with tools and machines must eat. Every one of the eighteen hundred million humans on earth must be fed. Where would any of them be were it not for the farmer who produces the food which keeps human machinery ready for work? Indeed, may it not be said that the farmer has the most kingly of all earth's professions, for on his intelligent industry depend the food and much of the clothing supply of the world?

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THIS frank and timely statement calls into question some current trends and influences that would lead our people away from the anchorage and solidarity and fine traditions of "the good earth." "Where are the sons of our Pioneers?" Too many of them are in CCC Camps and other government agencies of relief while their birthright is slipping through their fingers. Many of them fail to realize that a people who do not own and cultivate land are sure to be in time a floating population with no security for themselves or their children. Money cannot buy the independence of one who has maintained or increased his land inheritance.

THE EUROPEAN PICTURE

THE NATIONS of the earth differ greatly regarding their attitude toward farming and the men who till the soil. In France, Germany, Holland, and especially in Scandinavia, much of the land is tilled by large numbers of people who not only own title to their plot of land, be it large or small, but who love and honor every inch of their precious mother

earth, some of which has been handed down from father to son for many generations. In all of these countries a large proportion of the people gain their livelihood from the soil, and they are honored as citizens of real worth. Where such a condition exists a measurable degree of prosperity is bound to follow, provided political crises do not interfere.

In England conditions are somewhat different. Great tracts of land are owned by a few titled landlords and would-be farmers must lease or rent larger or smaller tracts according to their capacity. The people generally are not land-minded and are inclined to look down on peasants or farmers. Another factor of industry contributes to this attitude: for generations, until recently, England has been the manufacturing center for countless peoples overseas, both for their own colonies and for other countries as well. Wheat from the Argentine and Canada, beef from Australia, dairy produce from Denmark have been shipped into the island country and she in turn has kept their manufacturing wants supplied. As a result the English people are largely factory-minded.

The war changed the industrial outlook; other countries found that they could manufacture goods as well as England, and now in England many factories are closed while countless thousands of men and

women are walking the streets of the crowded cities, idle and living on the dole, while their rich meadow lands remain beautiful but unproductive.

One is almost forced to conclude that where the people own and cultivate and love the land they are sure to persist and prosper measurably. At least if they are truly wise and industrious they do not have to live on the "dole" or accept relief. A survey of European countries seems to prove this statement. Of course, where years of drouth have made land unproductive, the picture is somewhat different, and people must seek other occupations.

"The increase of our children, and their growing up to maturity, increases our responsibilities. More land must be brought into cultivation to supply their wants. This will press the necessity of digging canals to guide the waters of our large streams over the immense tracts of bench and bottom lands which now lie waste. . . . In these great public improvements the people should enter with heart and soul, and freely invest in them their surplus property and means, and thus prepare to locate the vast multitudes of our children which are growing up, and strengthen our hands, and solidify still more—make still more compact our present organized spiritual and national institutions."

What are their children doing with this heritage?

Indeed, times have changed. This is an age when most people look

cash for idle acres and idle hands.

All of this queer slant on man's most needed industry does not change one iota the basic fact that no people or nation can be stronger than its land owners and its farmers whose industry makes possible its very life and being. Could anything be more sane and practical than this real bit of wisdom given by a far-seeing Pioneer and statesman three-quarters of a century ago?

"The riches of a kingdom or nation do not consist so much in the fullness of its treasury as in the fertility of its soil and the industry of its people."

This rich statement of a by-gone day is just as applicable to condi-



THE PIONEER PICTURE

EIGHTY-NINE years ago the Pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. Before them lay the almost superhuman task of making the desert yield up its treasures for human sustenance and enjoyment. Unbroken before them lay the desert, as yet untouched by human hands. The leader had declared "This is the place" and here they must remain. A crisis was before them: the land must produce fruits and grains or the people must perish.

Under inspiration and wise guidance a plan of earth conquest was introduced which has become one of the marvels of the age. A newly devised system of agriculture caused the earth to produce food in plenty and the people grew and flourished. Naturally the Pioneers learned to love the land that gave them their freedom as well as their food, and passed it on to their children as a precious heritage of true wealth.

Listen to their wise counsel. Said Brigham Young on one occasion:

to the large cities as desirable places of residence; the white lights and the countless means of pleasure-seeking seem to attract and dazzle humankind as moths are drawn toward the flame.

The youth of the land are being educated in huge schools and colleges and most of them toward the "white-collared jobs." The professions of law, medicine, dentistry, business, teaching, music, and the arts claim the majority; while many of the graduates of the agricultural colleges seek teaching or professional jobs rather than actual farm experience.

Who wants to farm, anyway?—think the Youth. It's hard, dirty work, and besides, it doesn't pay. Everyone in America knows that. The newspapers and political speech-makers are full of it. The dilemma of the farmer has become the football of political juggling until the thinking man becomes nauseated at the practice of paying cold

tions today as it was the day it was given. The fundamentals of life and prosperity do not change from year to year or from age to age. Processes may differ somewhat but basic truths never. Man needs his three meals a day today as he did in the year one.

That great tracts of land were not necessary in Pioneer times or now for comfortable living is indicated thus:

"You have a living off an acre and a quarter of land. Such a little farm well-tilled and managed, and the products of it economically applied, will do wonders toward keeping and educating a small family. Let the little children do their part, when they are not engaged in their studies, in knitting their stockings and mittens, braiding straw for their hats, or spinning yarn for their frocks and underclothing. If this people would strictly observe these simple principles of economy, they would soon become so rich that they would not have room sufficient to hold their abundance; and their storehouses would run over with fulness."

Naturally, this advice seems

*Journal of Discourses 10:266.

†Journal of Discourses 11:142.

somewhat antiquated as conditions have changed with the times; but the underlying principle is constant. These are not idle words. Said the Leader of this great human experiment again:

"I intend to plant and sow, not only in the month of May, but in the month of June, and in the month of July, and I will continue my labors to raise what is necessary to sustain life, as long as the season lasts."[†]

Is this not sound advice for today?

One reason why farming is held in some disrepute is that men are short-sighted and are apt to overlook the real purpose of life. Is it living each day richly in some worthwhile endeavor with enough for the comforts rather than the luxuries of life; or is it merely the making of money? Unfortunately, many people have come to think of the accumulation of wealth as the real end of existence. Our Pioneers knew better; they understood that men cannot eat money and that it cannot buy happiness. Man may live without very much cash provided his efforts are well-directed towards co-operative enterprises and the intelligent use of Nature's resources. Such sentiments are expressed thus:

"We are not anxious to obtain gold; if we can obtain it by raising potatoes and wheat, all right. 'Can't you make yourselves rich by speculating?' We do not wish to. 'Can't you make yourselves rich by going to the gold mines?' We are rich in the midst of them. 'Why don't you dig the gold from the earth?' Because it demoralizes any community or nation on the earth to give them gold and silver to their hearts' content; it will ruin any nation. But give them iron and coal, good hard work, plenty to eat, good schools, and good doctrine, and it will make them a healthy, wealthy, and happy people."[‡]

THE PRESENT PICTURE

BECAUSE farming does not pay large dividends of cash is that a sign of failure? Because certain large tracts are suffering from years of drouth, need men feel hopeless about farming in general? There are plenty of failures today in all the "white-collared jobs" and professions generally, but that does not mean that the particular line of work need be considered of no account. There are just as many failures in business, industry, and the arts as there are upon the farms—and the farmer usually has enough to eat, anyway.

The learned professions, the arts,



and music are necessary, certainly, for man does not live by bread alone; but farming must always be the chief concern of any worthwhile social economy. When any people or race refuse to cultivate the land and seek to divorce themselves from its care then is that people doomed.

WHO OWN the earth? The answer is simple: those who love it and cultivate it and make the best use of it. The Indians at one time owned all of North and South America but they did not use their land, and they remained few in number and were wanderers. Bits of land were cultivated here and there; flocks were fed until the grass was gone, then they moved on to richer pastures. White men moved in and began to cultivate and enrich the soil. They prospered and grew in numbers and their healthful industry increased. Their conquest was bloodless (measurably so) but it was secure for it was built upon a sure foundation: land conquest, land ownership.

Today their descendants are turning from the hard life of their Pioneer ancestors. They want something easier, with a surer cash return; and they mean to find it—or if they fail then "their Government" must feed them!

On the Pacific coast a foreign-born resident may not own the land; but he may lease it and work it. His sons, however, (and he usually has many of them!) are American

citizens, and as citizens they may own the land as well as cultivate it. Today over six thousand of the farms of California are owned and operated by foreign peoples, the darker races. One may scarcely step into a market in Southern California without being served by Japanese, and the market gardens of today are in increasing numbers the result of Japanese or Mexican industry. They love the land and are not afraid of work. This is true measurably in other sections.

Where are the sons of our Pioneers? Too many of them are in C. C. C. camps and other government agencies of relief while their birthright is slipping through their fingers. Many of them fail to realize that a people who do not own and cultivate land are sure to be in time a floating population with no security for themselves or their children. Those who for any cause except dire necessity have sold their lands to strangers for much or little, have actually "sold their birthright for a mess of pottage." Money cannot buy the independence of one who has maintained or increased his land inheritance. How I honor those who give of their brain and their muscle that earth may yield her treasure for man's sustenance. The loyalty and industry of such men make them real noblemen.

AS AN answer to those who excuse their exodus from the farms to other or easier walks of life on the ground that there are too many farms already and no market for farm produce, one may say that there are still thousands in every land who go hungry all the time. Too much food is not produced, but its disposal and transportation are inadequate. Also more intelligence could be used in the choice of crops grown on the land.

A very great diversity of crops is being urged today by the Farm Chemurgic Council of America which is organized to utilize farm products for the basic industries of life as well as for man's food supply. In this field the chemist is coming to the aid of the farmer to such an extent that there never again need be an idle acre anywhere, if it can produce crops.

Leroy S. Weatherby, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry at the University of Southern California, in a recent speech at the Western meeting of the Council held at Fresno, California, made the following interesting statements:

[†]Ibid 2:280.

[‡]Ibid 13:176.

"Since the days that a fig leaf constituted the first garment, man has devoted a considerable part of his labors to obtaining clothing. First, the skins of animals—then the development of spinning and weaving. The flocks furnished wool; the land, cotton and flax. Finally the honor fell to a small worm to furnish the pride of human attire—silk. Silk passed from royalty and wealth to peasant and shop girl. Its use increased from tie to stockings, and from "outies" to "undies." The poor silk worm became overworked. There was no unemployment or depression in its life. The united efforts of all the silk worms in all the world could not meet this growing demand for silk.

"In 1844, John Mercer, an English calico printer, found that when cotton yarn or fabric is passed through a strong alkaline bath it shrinks about one-third of its length. If the fabric is allowed to dry under tension to prevent shortening, the little cotton fibers all untwist and become shiny rods with a sheen like silk. This resulted "mercerized cotton," named after John Mercer.

"Not satisfied yet, the chemist dissolved cotton in certain reagents as nitric acid, sodium hydroxide and carbon disulphide, or in copper ammonia acetate. This material is pressed through fine openings into a suitable coagulating agent and transparent shiny filaments are formed. These filaments are spun, dyed and woven and we have "artificial silk" or "rayon" and "celanese."

"Having conquered silk, the next ambition of the chemist was to duplicate leather, and even ivory. Cotton, wood pulp, or other sources of cellulose, dissolved in nitric acid, become what is known as nitrocellulose. Nitrocellulose dissolved in a mixture of ether and alcohol becomes collodion; dissolved in acetone mixed with vaseline and cast into small sticks it becomes smokeless powder; dissolved in alcohol with camphor added it is celluloid, or sometimes called pyroxylin. Pyroxylin pressed into fabric becomes auto tops. It forms the beautiful and durable binding for books, displacing costly and less durable leather. Pyroxylin pressed into laminated blocks and cut at right angles to the laminations

becomes pyroline ivory, which today supplants most of elephant ivory. Nitrocellulose dissolved in various organic solvents as amyl acetate, the well-known "banana oil," becomes the famous "Duco," which lends its beautiful ivory sheen to everything from auto bodies to milady's fingernails."

There are many other products of the farm being turned into useful material for the industries. The rubber plant has many uses; vegetable fats, sugars, wood, and grain products are being used to produce lacquers, enamels, plastics, while countless other uses are being found for the farm produce of the future.

THE MESSAGE OF THE PIONEERS

IF THE Pioneers could speak with the youth of our land today and especially to their own descendants they might say:

First, don't be afraid of hard work. No good or useful or happy man or woman was ever nurtured in idleness or in striving for the easy life, or for easy money. Such a life ideal or practice always leads to failure, ultimately, to unhappiness, and often to crime. Keep busy at some worthwhile job.

Second, don't sell your birthright—for a mess of pottage or a million dollars! Money may vanish over night but the good earth is God's great gift to man. Find a bit of it for your own and cherish it. Use intelligence in its care and you will be rewarded. You may not be rich but you can be independent. Remember that no one can wear

more than one suit or necktie at a time and should not eat more than one simple meal at a time. In seeking the simple, genuine things of life you will find the path that leads to health and peace of mind—if you live in harmony with the laws of God.

Third, should you move to other parts of the country don't be a renter or a wanderer. Try as soon as possible to own a piece of land, large or small, and care for it intelligently. Not all may be farmers but all should have a home of their own, if possible. It may be more expensive to own a home but it is much more satisfactory.

Fourth, don't be a moss-back farmer who slaves and sweats, and swears when things go wrong. Use all possible sources of information regarding improved methods. Train yourselves for your job as the doctor or the artist does for his and then enjoy it. Don't be afraid of an occasional holiday and although seasonal work is intensive, especially where hands are short, make up for it at other times. Successful farming is the result of intelligent planning and a wise system. Slipshod farming never pays. Use your farm schools and papers, educate your children, and keep up to date.

Fifth, to the young woman might come a special message: It may be an honor for a man to be a farmer but remember no successful farm is possible without a wise, willing, and



healthy helpmeet for the farmer. Don't be afraid of being "farmerettes" for therein may be found much joy and progress. Use your intelligence and plan your work; you need not be slaves but the real heroines of the nation. With the mails, newspapers, radio, and a possible automobile, your life need not be too hard even if lonely at times. To real people who think, you are truly among earth's noblewomen. There are countless things in life of more value than dressing in the latest fashion or going to a "movie" every night. Yours is the life that could and should bring earth's deepest satisfactions—it depends upon your attitudes and understanding of things most worthwhile in life.

Sixth, the farm is the place to rear the finest kind of children. No city home (no matter how poor or how elegant) or city street can compare with the advantages of the ordinary farm as a cradle of human training—provided always that the parents are worthy and that ample opportunities for an education are made possible. In the close relation of man with nature are possible the finest development of character and



the learning of earth's most valuable lessons.

Seventh and last, don't strive too much for money and the riches of the

world; nor for fame and the plaudits of the crowd. When that is the aim of life, its most valuable treasures may be lost. No matter what your life work may be—and all well done work is ennobling—seek to understand and live daily the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The farmer youth of Zion today might do well to heed the counsel given by one of the great Pioneers of the West, Brigham Young:

"Take courage brethren. . . . Plow your land and sow wheat . . . plant potatoes. . . . It is our duty to preach the Gospel, gather Israel, pay our tithing and build temples. The most fear I have about this people is that they will get rich in this country, forget God and his people, wax fat, and kick themselves out of the Church (while their children) go to hell. This people will stand mobbing, robbing and all manner of persecution, and be true. But my greatest fear for them is that they cannot stand wealth."

That message may well be taken to heart by all who would find real happiness in life. Since all may not be farmers, certainly, all should cherish their birthright of independence on the land conquered with so much courage by their fathers less than a century ago.

Can we be less courageous today?

How to Improve Your Silent Reading Habits

1. Approach your reading with a definite purpose in mind.

2. Vary your rate according to the material you are reading. With practice you should be able to read:

(a) light material at the rate of 500 to 600 words a minute.

(b) average reading at the rate of 400 to 500 words a minute.

(c) solid reading (study) at the rate of 300 to 400 words a minute.

An hour each day spent wisely in reading (devoting only fifteen minutes to light material) will net you at the end of the year the equivalent of:

25 books of light reading.

25 books of average reading.

20 books of the solid type, or

80 books for the year.

3. Read under time pressure to increase your rate but always check yourself for comprehension when you have finished the reading.

4. Having selected the author you wish to read you will save much time and come to the essentials of the book more readily if you examine

the table of contents and the preface with care.

5. Ask yourself, "What do I know about the topic?" "What may I expect to get from this author?"

6. Get the large pictures at the outset. Read wholes not parts, read sentences, not words, read for broadest meanings first, then for details later if necessary.

7. Avoid taking notes while reading. Make a marginal check, (as you read) of desirable material. Then come back to it after the article or chapter is completed.

8. Generally depend on the content to give you mastery of new words. Later look them up in the dictionary.

9. A meagre vocabulary is *never* the characteristic of a big man. Seek consciously to increase your vocabulary:

(a) by filing these new words and using them whenever possible in your conversation;

(b) by increasing your contacts with the world about you.

10. Also save the gist of the

worth while things you read. Then remember that a note book or filing case is not a miser's sock but a tool drawer to be used freely.

11. Test your speed and accuracy from time to time as you read or skim articles.

Knowledge of progress made is one of the greatest stimulants to further effort.

Poor comprehension may be due to:

1. incorrect eye movements.

2. forcing the attention on words instead of on phrases.

3. a limited spoken vocabulary.

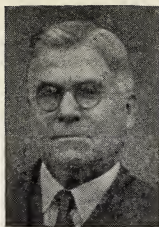
4. a meagre general background.

5. lack of a definite purpose in reading.

6. failure to make use of table of contents and preface.

7. lack of concentration.

8. vagrant thoughts, a sudden memory of some duty to be performed, an upset emotional condition, and even a littered desk may all act as irritating interferences with desirable comprehension.



CHARLES A. CALLIS

AMONG THE CATAWBAS

By CHARLES A. CALLIS

Of the Council of the Twelve

FROM out of the experience of his long years as President of the Southern States Mission has come from Charles A. Callis this colorful glimpse of a little known people—the Catawba Indians, most of whom worship the Lord according to the Gospel plan given by the Master, Jesus Christ, who is also Lord and Master of the American Indian, even as of all other races and peoples.

ON THE Catawba Indian Reservation, in York County, South Carolina, there stands a Latter-day Saint chapel.

The building, beautiful in design, is in striking contrast to the humble houses that form the Indian village where sleep the pride and glory of former days when the Catawba Indians were a proud and powerful race.

The Catawba language is as mute as the "harp that hangs on Tara's walls." Only four in the tribe can speak it, although the Catawba Indians number upward of two hundred. Almost all of them are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Their numbers are swelling. They are an increasing race. And this in fulfillment of the remarkable prediction, rich in promise, given by the Prophet Joseph, that "The Lamanites shall blossom as the rose." (Doctrine and Covenants 49:24.)

The Gospel message was first delivered to the Catawbans in 1883, by Elders Henry Miller and Charles Robinson. The latter died at Kings Mountain, South Carolina, while filling his mission.

Outstanding among the Christian virtues shining out in the lives of these people are faith, devotion, and loyalty. They officer a complete branch organization of the Church, with Sunday School, Relief Society, and Mutual Improvement Association. These faithful people worship

the Lord in simplicity and reverence.

The Catawbans were among the first people in this country to present a temperance petition. On May 26, 1756, they asked the officials of South Carolina to protect them from the white man's "fire water" which was debauching their young men, and, as a result of which the whites were taking advantage of the Indians in the bartering and trading between the two peoples.

AT FORT MILLS, South Carolina, the white men erected a monument to the memory of the Catawba Indians as a people. On the monument is the following inscription:

"The Catawba Indians, although a warlike nation, were ever friends of the white settlers. They fought with the Americans in the Revolutionary, and the Confederates in the Civil War. Tradition says they immigrated to this portion of South Carolina from Canada about 1600, numbering some twelve thousand. Wars with the Cherokees, Shawnees, and other nations, together with smallpox, depleted their numbers greatly. In 1764, South Carolina allotted about fifteen square miles in part of Lancaster district. About 1840 a new treaty was made, the state buying all of their land and afterward laying off for them seven hundred acres on the west bank of the Eswa Tavora (Catawba river) six miles south of Fort Mill, where the remnant now live, receiving a small annuity from the state."

During the administration of the last royal governor of the province

ALL THINGS CLIMB A STARRY
STAIR

By Ethelyn Miller Hartwich

THE bush that bears but leaf and thorn
Tomorrow wears a rose;
Each twilight dawns in later morn,
And winds of spring melt snows;
The nesting egg tomorrow sings,—
Life wins its avatar,
For the soul who dreams of heavenly things
Tomorrow finds a star.



THE L. D. S. CATAWBA CHAPEL

the chief of the Catawbans was King Hagler. There is a story about this noted Catawba that reveals the Indian idea of vicarious justice that formerly prevailed.

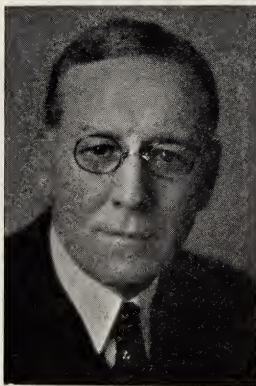
A party of braves starting out on a hunt, so the story goes, met a Frenchman who was passing through the reservation. He carried a violin and played a number of tunes for them. The magical music box was coveted by one of the young braves who waylaid and killed the Frenchman to obtain possession of the instrument.

White men went to Chief Hagler and demanded that the murderer be punished.

"Justice shall be done," said the chief, who was in the woods engaged in a hunt. Chief Hagler carefully loaded his rifle and blew a long blast on his horn, recalling his young men from the chase. Presently an Indian appeared toiling through the underbrush with a deer on his shoulders. As soon as he came within range Chief Hagler took careful aim, fired, and the Indian fell dead in his tracks.

Turning to the white man the chief said: "Justice has been done, and we are still brothers."

It was the Indian's idea that a life must be given for a life, and that any life would suffice.



GEORGE Q. MORRIS

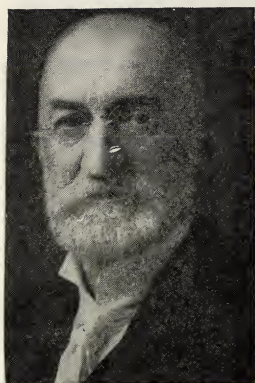


ALBERT E. BOWEN



FRANK L. WEST

THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT, WHO GREETED M. I. A. LEADERS AT THE OPENING GENERAL SESSION, WITH A CALL TO YOUTH FOR FAITH IN THE DIVINITY OF THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

A WORLD-WIDE VIEW OF M. I. A. AT CONFERENCE TIME

By RICHARD L. EVANS

Of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association

FROM THE INLAND VALLEY LANDS OF THE WEST, TO AFRICA'S CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, TO EUROPE'S LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN, AND IN ALL THE LANDS THAT LIE BETWEEN, THE WORK OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY IMPORTANT IN MAKING FRIENDS FOR THE CHURCH, IN GAINING FAVORABLE PUBLICITY, IN INCREASING MEMBERSHIP, AND IN KEEPING MEMBERS ACTIVE AND USEFULLY ENGAGED IN A WORLD WHERE UNSETTLED ECONOMIC CONDITIONS AND FORCED LEISURE DEMAND A SPIRITUALIZED PROGRAM OF LEISURE TIME ACTIVITY AND WIDENING INTERESTS.

THE WORLD-WIDE activities of the Mutual Improvement Associations were brought conspicuously to the foreground during the recent conference season when general gatherings were held in the United States and many foreign countries, climaxed by an international broadcast emanating from the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City which was directed to M. I. A. members and leaders in many lands.

At the M. I. A. general conference in Salt Lake City, June 11 to 15,

nearly ten thousand delegates registered, representing most of the stakes and missions of the Church. Presided over by Superintendent A. E. Bowen, assisted by Superintendents George Q. Morris and Frank L. West, for the Young Men's organization, and by President Ruth May Fox, assisted by Counselors Lucy G. Cannon and Clarissa A. Beesley for the Young Women's organization, the conference presented prom-

inent national figures, distinguished Church personalities, and Church-wide "mass" participation events of an unusual character and high excellence.

The Drama Festival held at Kingsbury Hall on Thursday evening, June 11, presented three plays to a capacity house: "A Dispatch Goes Home" (Frank L. Manser) by Brigham Young University and Utah stake, direction, Lafayette Terry;



LUCY G. CANNON



RUTH MAY FOX



CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

THE GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

"Smoke" (Dorothy Clark Wilson) by the Utah State Agricultural College, and Logan and Cache stakes, direction, Chester J. Myers; and "Pygmalion and Galatea," a dance drama, by a selected group under the direction of W. O. Robinson. The professional excellence and commendable artistry of this performance won the warm acclaim of qualified observers and guests in attendance.

The opening general session Friday morning, June 12, was marked by President Grant's appeal for "the one and supreme object of all the labor that we as Latter-day Saints are performing—the conversion of our young people to the divinity of the work in which we are engaged." President Grant told the story of the founding of *The Improvement Era* and expressed his desire that it should be in every home.

The Dance Festival at Saltair Friday evening, June 12, was a spectacle, colorful and thrilling enough to serve as effective inspiration for the raising of dance standards throughout the Church. More than fourteen hundred young men and women, gathered church-wide, participated in eight dances of beauty, grace, and dignity, under the direction of W. O. Robinson, and to the music of Carol Lofner and his or-



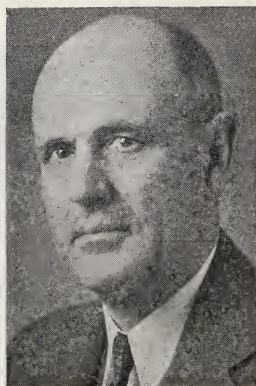
M. I. A. SUMMER INSTITUTE ACTIVITIES, SHOWING STAKE LEADERS TRAINING FOR A YEAR-ROUND PROGRAM, AT MEMORY GROVE, SALT LAKE CITY, AND ON THE UTAH STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS, MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1936.

chestra. Commenting on the success and conduct of this event, the management of the resort wrote as follows:

TOP: M. I. A. "TREASURES OF TRUTH" DISPLAY, CHEMNITZ, GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION; CENTER: M. I. A. OFFICERS AND LEADERS IN CONVENTION AT FRANKFORT IN THE SWISS-GERMAN MISSION; BELOW, LEFT: CHARLES M. DENNIS, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO, WHO WAS GUEST CONDUCTOR FOR THE M. I. A. FESTIVAL CHORUS; RIGHT: DR. RAY O. WYLAND, DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION AND RELATIONSHIPS, NATIONAL COUNCIL, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, WHO ATTENDED THE M. I. A. CONFERENCE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

"It is a source of great satisfaction for us to report this outing of the M. I. A. was the largest crowd the M. I. A. has ever brought to Saltair, and broke all records for the number of automobiles and automobile passengers to attend Saltair in any one day.

"Another outstanding feature of the outing was the quality of the patrons. With nearly nine thousand people on the resort, not one arrest was made for disorderly conduct and while I was about the resort all evening and watched carefully, I did not see one intoxicated person and very few smokers. Strangers who happen to be at the resort on M. I. A. days are always curious to know to what organization the



Ecker Photo.

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS, WHO SPOKE CONCERNING "THE USEFULNESS AND HAPPINESS OF YOUTH IN A WORLD OF GROWING COMPLEXITY" DURING THE WORLD-WIDE M. I. A. BROADCAST.

young people belong and are always complimentary of their conduct.

"We are pleased to belong to an organization that sets such high standards for its members and for the wonderful influence the M. I. A. organization is having on the morals and the conduct of the young people of the Church.

"Wishing you continued success, we remain,

(Signed) "Thos. M. Wheeler,
"Herbert A. Snow."

ANOTHER notable event of the M. I. A. Conference was the Third Church-wide Music Festival presenting a chorus of fifteen hundred singing voices under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall and Evangeline T. Beesley. Charles M. Dennis of San Francisco was guest conductor, and Frederic Dixon, concert pianist, guest solo artist. An audience which filled the Tabernacle and paid admission for this special event, warmly received the rich subdued music of young singing voices in a tonal blend of thrilling excellence.

Sunday morning brought a "new high" in the level of conference interest with a world broadcast on the Church of the Air series presented through the nationwide facilities of KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System and short-waved for international reception by the Columbia short-wave station W2XE. Music for this M. I. A. international radio service was presented by the Festival Chorus that had performed so acceptably on the previous evening. Four of their best received numbers were repeated, for the radio audience, with the accompaniment of



Frank Asper at the Tabernacle organ. Stephen L. Richards of the Council of the Twelve and Chairman of the Church Radio Publicity and Mission Literature Committee represented the General Authorities in speaking concerning "The usefulness and happiness of youth in a world of growing complexity."

After inviting the attention of the audience, present and unseen, to the type of young men and young women who composed the chorus, and after inviting attention to the principles of truth and right-living that made their lives useful and happy, Brother Richards concluded by saying:

"To the many people of the world who are hoping and praying for the dominance of righteousness but who may have become skeptical and pessimistic in the slow and uncertain progress being made toward the triumph of truth and virtue, I offer the encouragement and the hope which these young lives bring. Here is not a mere philosophy, an abstract panacea for the ills of the world,—here is a vital, tangible demonstration of the efficacy of high principles and religious ideals in application; here is a rising generation that has been converted to the elemental philosophy of Christian life that *there is no lasting happiness except in goodness*. What these young people are, others can be. Their philosophy and program of living can be extended to all the world. Their religion is not a theory,—it works. If some have despaired of the success of Christianity, I bid them look up and take heart and follow the lead of this glorious youth, marching so bravely forward under the banner of Christ."

In response to this unusual broadcast the Columbia Broadcasting System's director of the Church of the Air wired:

"N. Y., June 15, 1936.

"Evans—KSL.

"... Again thanks for exceedingly fine program you gave our Church of the Air series yesterday. The music especially beautiful and was handled well. ...

(Signed) "Allen."

The distinguished guest conductor of the chorus, Charles M. Dennis, director of music in the public schools of San Francisco, wrote Oscar A. Kirkham, Y. M. M. I. A. Executive Secretary in part as follows:

"... To me it was a great privilege to become acquainted with such a fine body of young people, while to conduct the numbers which they sang with such beautiful quality, precision, and interpretation was a genuine thrill.

(Signed) "Charles M. Dennis,
"Director of Music."

THE SUNDAY afternoon general session held in the tabernacle under the direction of the General Au-



"Millennial Star" photographs
by Claudius E. Stevenson.

**A CAMERA'S DIARY OF THE SECOND ANNUAL
BRITISH MISSION M. I. A. CONFERENCE.**

(1) Mission M. I. A. officers—Front, left to right: Elizabeth Cornwall, Gertrude Horlacher, Florence A. Bickstaff; middle: Catherine L. M. Worner, Laura Dimler, Elsie Mace, Lewis H. Tarr and Madeline E. R. Hill; back: Mildred Poole, David C. Thomas, Ralph W. Hardy, John Bixley, M. Neff Smart, Dr. Ray M. Russell. (2) M Men Tracksters. (3) Luncheon at Corn Exchange. (4) Nancy E. Evans (Kidderminster) "Star" poetry contest winner. (5) Eleanor Chorus winners (Nottingham District)—Front, left to right: May Cook, Susie Massey, May Hewerdine and Elizabeth Cornwall at piano; back: Edith Day, Dolly Blythe and Edith Limb. (6) President and Sister Joseph J. Cannon signing programs. (7) Elder Evan Arthur, 74, who walked thirty-five miles to the Conference. (8) A session in Town Hall. (9) Joseph W. Darling (Belfast) M Men speech winner.

thorities of the Church, with President Heber J. Grant presiding and conducting, presented brief remarks from General Superintendent Albert E. Bowen, General President Ruth May Fox, and President May Anderson of the Primary Association which organization held its conference on days corresponding with the M. I. A. A distinguished national figure addressed this gathering, Dr. Ray O. Wyland, Director of Education and Relationships, National Council, Boy Scout of America. Dr. Wyland had previously addressed other conference sessions. On this occasion he opened by saying:

"For three days I have lived among you. I have received the baptism of inspiration that has come from the splendid vision of your program; I have been inspired by the beauty of the music; I have been strengthened in my faith by the faith, loyalty, and devotion of this great company of ...

young men and women who have dedicated their lives to the service of God through the Church.

"This morning as I listened to the world broadcast, my vision went out to the ends of the earth where this broadcast carried the message of Truth and the Words of Wisdom that came down from your Pro-

(Continued on page 504)

JUDGE HENRY H. ROLAPP

IN WHOSE LIFE DEVOTION TO THE
WORD OF GOD WAS FOREMOST—AND
ALL OTHER CHERISHED THINGS FOLLOWED.

By DAISY ROLAPP ROMNEY

DURING these more than seventy-five years—1860-1936—Henry H. Rolapp served in three fields and achieved in each a full measure of completeness and success. Often a man may excel in one phase of his life, but rarely do we find love of God, devotion to home, and integrity in one's profession and business so harmoniously and magnificently blended as in Judge Rolapp's life.

His underlying philosophy was the belief that God should come first in a man's life. This concept unified and gave purpose to his living. Born into a German family devoted to the Lutheran Church—a family whose only information about the "Mormons" was based on the prejudiced views of outsiders—it was difficult for the father to accept his eldest son's conversion to a religion so badly spoken of by his pastor. Compulsory military training made it difficult for him to leave Germany, but through the haze of opposition, gleamed the clear light of truth. Courageous and devoted, with an unusual driving force, he surmounted all obstacles and faithful to his own convictions on November 11, 1877, in his seventeenth year, Henry H. Rolapp was baptized at Copenhagen, Denmark, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His acceptance of the Gospel resulted in a separation from his family.

THE MAN WHO LOVED TRUTH AND SERVED HIS CHURCH

FROM that day, his life was a revelation of faithful devotion and inspirational activity in the service of the Church. He was ordained an Elder in 1878 and fulfilled a two-year mission in England, where he

THIS sketch of a great life was written by Daisy Rolapp Romney, niece of the late Judge Henry H. Rolapp, as an expression of admiration and appreciation. Although the author feels it does not do justice to his memory it will recall in the minds of his old friends, incidents which will again bring him close to them, and give those who did not know him well a glimpse into the richness of his living.

went to live and work at the headquarters of the European Mission in Liverpool. Here he formed associations which made for him life-long friends. James H. Wallis, with whom he served in the presidency of the first Y. M. M. I. A. established in Liverpool, was one of these. The Anderson family lived but a block or two away from the Church headquarters and Brother Rolapp was a constant visitor in their home. Since he was very homesick, he became like one of their family. Although he had received a good education in Copenhagen, he couldn't speak English. However, he found the ten Anderson children ready teachers. They pointed to the spoons and various foods as they ate, playing a kind of game, until he absorbed a fundamental knowledge of the language. Sister May Anderson, now President of the General Primary Board, remembers listening to the wonderful discussions of President William Budge, Francis Culp, Henry H. Rolapp, John Nicholson, then editor of the *Millennial Star*, and Lyman R. Martineau. The photographs of these missionaries who labored together were sent to Brother Rolapp on his fiftieth wedding anniversary by Sister May Anderson, so that he could see all as they were in the "heyday of youth."



JUDGE HENRY H. ROLAPP

He came to Utah in 1880 and was ordained successively a Seventy and a High Priest. His life-long service in Sunday School work began when he was chosen to work in the Ogden Fifth Ward Sunday School superintendency. He often taught the classes, telling stories which he himself created to fit the children's needs. When his own sons were adolescents, he gathered them and their companions about him and conducted a reading and study class.

TO THOSE who knew Judge Rolapp in his home life, it was not a surprise when he conceived the idea of organizing parents' classes in the Church—a movement unique in Church history—the first attempt to educate the parents to understand and train the child, a project that inspired his constant, heartfelt devotion. As passing time effaces the memory of his achievements in the Church, the last to remain will doubtless be his establishing and promoting this great activity.

The authorities of the Church had been considering how to secure

greater assistance on the part of parents in preparation of the children's lessons. One day, while in conversation with David O. McKay, then in the superintendency of the Ogden Stake Sunday Schools, Judge Rolapp suggested that it would be an excellent thing to call all the parents into a convention. In 1905 the parents met in the Ogden Tabernacle, which was crowded to the doors. President Joseph F. Smith was the speaker and presented an outline for parents to follow. With that beginning, parents' classes were established and spread quickly throughout the Church.

His effort and results in this endeavor drew wide attention, for, five years later, he received a letter from Theodore Dreiser, editor of the *Delinquent Magazine*, asking him to write articles on "Parental Obligations." This he agreed to do, and in his reply stated that at that time thirty thousand parents were meeting each Sunday morning, discussing the proper relationship between parent and child. Brother Rolapp said that in his opinion there were two main obstacles to the maintenance of an ideal home. First, lack of a real acquaintance between parents and children, and secondly, the evil of exercising parental duties by proxy. He said:

"Whenever it is desired to secure and keep the friendship of any newly acquired

acquaintance, society adopts the instinctive method of treating him with courtesy and consideration, and of being charitable toward his eccentricities. In the family circle, however, this method is seldom adopted. The cultivation of home acquaintanceship is either given no consideration at all, or else, left to temporary moods and whims. Parents seem to be disappointed if children fail to manifest as high ideals as those attained by older persons, wholly forgetting that their own successes are only the sequences of many efforts and failures and battles with temptations. They are apt to upbraid their children rather than to show them the steps leading to perfection. Parents very often fail to give children a patient hearing, much less a satisfactory discussion to the probably trifling matters which occupy the immature minds of youth. They only see the apparent waste of time in the consideration of children's interests. Under the influence of this mental attitude, they attempt by the method of parental authority to dismiss and destroy the ideas confidently brought to them for discussion. Of course they fail. They may temporarily still their youthful voices, and may relieve themselves of similar annoyances, but they cannot stop the workings of the human mind. That still goes on, and the children are driven to develop their ideas in solitude, with probably resulting error or more likely they will seek the counsel of others, who are more pleasant to associate with, to give them the development for which the parents assumed primary responsibility.

"Parents have come to believe that their practical responsibility consists only in furnishing money so as the training of the children, whether physical, mental, or moral, can be transferred to someone else, and having done so, they sit down and applaud themselves for the superior advantages they have given their children and then go and bemoan with their friends, within their social circles, the morals of the present generation.

"In the father's anxiety to secure money for the physical welfare and the proxy training of his child, he often becomes a slave to other influences. Parents and child



HENRY H. ROLAPP AS HE APPEARED BEFORE DEPARTING FROM COPENHAGEN FOR ENGLAND.

find that they move in entirely different worlds. As temptations and allurements make their impressions on the growing boys, the parents are powerless to influence their actions. Their words are then only 'wild as the waves that wash no shore,' their influence vanished, their threats empty. Finally the parental responsibility exercised by proxy has developed into a condition that produces influence only by proxy."

Judge Rolapp's Sunday School work intensified. After serving for five years as a member of the Weber Stake Sunday School Board, he was made a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. Whenever he traveled in these, his busiest years, he always attended Sunday School and reported his visits to the general board. He will be remembered in all these communities for his cordiality and diplomacy. A resolution adopted by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board at the time of death shows the esteem in which he was regarded:

"His wide experience gave him a profound understanding of life. The knowledge and wisdom gained from this experience he shared with us to our benefit. In our councils his voice was always heard with great interest and rapt attention. His views were valued highly. His judgment always accorded great weight. Consequently his influence in shaping the policies of Sunday School work for thirty years has been far-reaching."

In 1908 President Joseph F. Smith appointed Brother Rolapp a member of the Church Auditing Committee. He was chairman of this committee at the time of his death.

During ten of these busy years, he devoted much time to assembling a volume, *Two Thousand Gospel Quotations*. Of this book Elder John A. Widtsoe said: "I have upon my shelf as one of the best and most used books in my pos-

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST Y. M. M. I. A. IN LIVERPOOL; STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: SCOTT ANDERSON, ROBERT ANDERSON, AND WILLIAM PURDIE. SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT: JAMES H. WALLIS AND HENRY H. ROLAPP.



session a contribution made by Brother Rolapp to the advancement of the Church work. . . . In the history of the Church no similar work superior to it has been produced." He said further that to know the philosophy of Judge Rolapp, one only need read the headings and sub-headings of his book, which is in itself a skeleton outline of the mighty philosophy of the Lord Jesus Christ and a contribution to the philosophy of the Church.

Climaxing the missionary efforts of Elder Rolapp, he and Sister Rolapp were called after his retirement from a long and active business life to preside over the Eastern States Mission, where their spiritual influence was far-reaching and their lives an inspiration to many.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL EMINENCE

THE business and professional phase of Judge Rolapp's life defies comparison. His first business experience came at the age of eighteen years when he labored in the Latter-day Saints' headquarters in Liverpool, as printer and translator for the mission paper. He was also co-editor with James H. Wallis of *Excelsior*, a paper published monthly.

His initial venture in Utah was in business, but after a very short time, he turned to the study of law. His professional life was interrupted by a call to Arizona to act as secretary to Apostle Erastus Snow who was supervising the building of a railroad in that state. He then practiced law in Idaho for a short time and was admitted to the bar at Montpelier.

To obtain specialized training, he entered the law school of the University of Michigan and was graduated from that institution in 1884 with the degree LL.B. In November of the same year, he entered into a law partnership with C. C. Richards of Ogden under the firm name of Richards and Rolapp, subsequently changed to Richards, Rolapp, Pratt, and McMillan. From the focal point of this law firm, Mr. Rolapp's numerous professional activities branched, resulting in a brilliant career.

He was repeatedly in public service. Successively he held the office of assessor of Weber County, assistant county attorney, associate justice of the Territorial Supreme Court of Utah, and first district judge of Ogden, assuming his judgeship the same day that Utah became

a state. To this latter office he was reelected. His appointment to the highest court of the territory came from the president of the United States. It has been said by his close associates, that no decision rendered by Judge Rolapp was ever partisan or biased.

Indicative of his fine legal mind and his ability to interpret correctly the law, was his ruling in the



MARTHA HORROCKS ROLAPP, WIFE OF HENRY H. ROLAPP.

old case in 1896. The following year the Supreme Court reversed his decision. But in 1906 the same court reversed its own decision, stating that Judge Rolapp's ruling had been correctly rendered. What a matter of extreme satisfaction it must have been to this thirty-five-year-old foreign-born to have his decision finally vindicated!

After serving as District Judge from 1896 to 1905, Judge Rolapp retired from the bench, resuming his private law practice for a brief period, then launching into an outstandingly successful business career. In a short time he was handling the affairs of numerous corporations in the city of Ogden.

Largely through his business association with David Eccles he was instrumental in building up industries to benefit the entire state, but undoubtedly his greatest business achievement was in the sugar industry in which he became one of the nation's leading figures. He did much to promote the building of the Ogden sugar factory, which became the first unit of the Amalgamated Sugar Company. He was general council, secretary, and manager of this corporation, and at the

death of David Eccles he became president of the company.

In the quest for capable and responsible leadership to cope with economic problems resultant from the World War, the government, under Herbert Hoover, placed Judge Rolapp in charge of the food administration beet sugar distributing committee, with headquarters at Chicago. After the war, when the beet sugar industry reached a crisis, the beet sugar finance corporation was formed, and he was made a director. In this capacity, acting with President Heber J. Grant, he borrowed \$14,000,000.00 from the government. The loan was made possible largely through the confidence that W. L. Petrinkin of the Great Western Sugar Company had in these men. The money was paid back promptly, actually before it was due.

Beginning with 1914, Judge Rolapp was president of the United States Beet Sugar Association, a national organization of beet sugar companies, and was always instrumental in providing assistance for the industries and the farmers whose success depended on the success of the sugar companies.

In 1921 he was again made president of the Amalgamated Sugar Company and removed to Utah from Denver, where he was vice president and general counsel of the Great Western Sugar Company. In 1926 he retired from the sugar business and moved to California.

In addition to these business and legal activities he served from 1907 to 1916 as a regent of the University of Utah.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HOME AND KINDRED

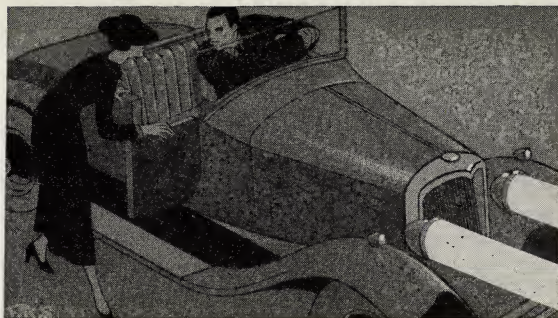
IMPORTANT as the material success of Judge Rolapp was, it was secondary to his fervor for his home, as it was here that his most successful achievement centered. His love of home and kindred began early, for he had been in this country but a short time, when he sent for his brother who was still in Germany. They were always the best of companions, and the same love which they had experienced in early life, carried over into a close business association throughout the years. Later he sent for his mother and sister and he finally had the satisfaction of seeing his family join the Church except for his father who

(Continued on page 503)

STRANGE ROADS

BY

JANET
BLAKE
SILVER



ELIZABETH WAS FURIOUSLY ANGRY NOW. SHE OPENED THE CAR DOOR AND JUMPED OUT.

ELIZABETH reflected that the long studio room looked very pleasant in the late afternoon sunshine. She was almost sorry she was going to the party—too many of late, anyway.

"Going out tonight, Marion?" she asked her roommate lazily.

"Yes, Richard's coming for me at six and we're going to his mother's for supper and then to Church. Why don't you come along?"

Elizabeth laughed a little.

"Remembering my well-known prejudice against going to Church, that is a very foolish question, my dear."

"But I don't really know what your objection to Church is, Elizabeth. I know you and your folks joined in England, and I can't understand how you dropped out so completely."

Although both girls worked in the same office, it was only after they had rented this little housekeeping apartment together that they discovered they were members of the same Church.

"It's a long story."

Elizabeth slipped her dress from a hanger. "Like my dress, Marion?"

"Why, yes; that cool shade of green is just your color. It makes your skin look so clear, and the touch of lace at the neck is very youthful looking."

"Which," laughed Elizabeth, "in a young woman verging on twenty-eight is—sump'in."

Suddenly grave, she came over by the firelight and sat down on a low stool by her friend.

"You should have seen the dress I wore at my first party in America."

The girl talked softly with something of an effort. "It was heavy and dark—and long. They were

wearing dresses very short that year; light soft materials—chiffons and ninnos and silk voiles—and the most delicate pastel shades—orchid, lavender, pale rose, pink. Oh, so pretty. . . ."

Her voice trailed off for a minute.

"I didn't think much of clothes at first. The new country was enough; the green lawns—cherry blossoms—roses blooming in April. I enjoyed the Church meetings then. Didn't take much part, but everybody was friendly enough."

Elizabeth rose to put some wood on the fire, and Marion studied her friend a little curiously. These confidences were so rare, she maintained her own silence rather than break the spell.

"I had never gone to any entertainment, when one Sunday the Bishop announced a social. It was to be lady's night—every girl to bring lunch for herself and a boy. It sounded like fun to me. I told the lady I worked for about it. She didn't know anything about it, but thought it would be a good chance for me to meet some young folks. I was so lonely."

In the pause that followed Marion tried to imagine gay, popular Elizabeth—lonely! It didn't seem possible.

"Well," Elizabeth went on, "Mrs. Martin suggested I take one of the children's lunch boxes, and I made ham sandwiches. I got a big dill pickle out of the ice box—didn't think about slicing it, and gathered some other things. The lunches were collected at the door, and we went upstairs for preliminary exercises. Then we all went down to the amusement hall. The lunches were numbered and corresponding numbers handed at random to the boys. The lunches were all arranged on long tables."

"I saw that awful lunch box right

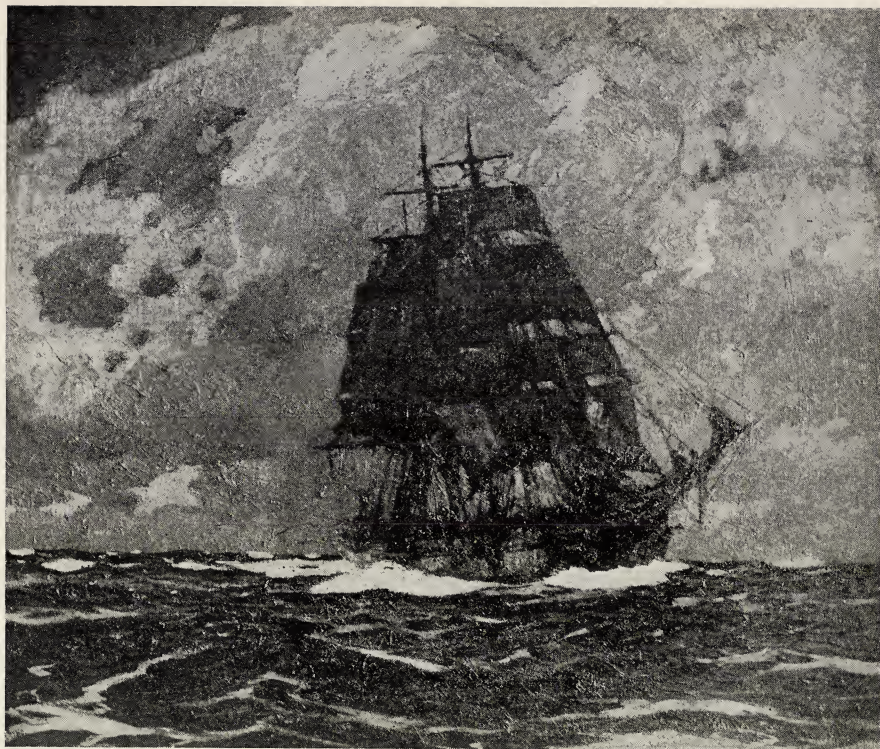
away. Everybody else had the food arranged in dainty containers with little artistic touches. The lady on one side of me had a dainty basket with real rosebuds on the handle. On the other hand was a lovely box with satin ribbons laced around and food arranged on fresh vine leaves. Thin, delicate sandwiches, wedges of home-made cake, salted nuts in little crinkle cups, chocolates in little silver dishes."

ELIZABETH laughed nervously and rose to wander around the room a minute, and then continued:

"Nobody claimed the place opposite me. I was suddenly terribly conscious of my thick, dark dress—my heavy shoes. The lady next to me said something—I don't know what—and gave me a little noseygaw of rosebuds. I sneaked away finally—though it didn't matter. Nobody was looking! I had to take that wretched lunch box, because it wasn't mine. I met a man who muttered something about a bite to eat, and I emptied the lunch box, and handed him the rosebuds for good measure. I guess he thought I was crazy."

"I went home with my heart full of bitterness—and loneliness. Most of all loneliness! I made up my mind, I'd never be so humiliated again. I'd show them! I took stenography at night school. I had been a bookkeeper in England. I worked hard and finally got this position as secretary with Consolidated. I always meant to go back to Church but I guess one never does. Well, it is all water over the mill now. Maybe I would not have made such a success of my work if that incident had not made me resentful and determined."

(Continued on page 517)



From a Painting by William Ritschel.

THE JOURNAL of ARCHER WALTERS

THE SELF-TOLD STORY OF A MAN WHO GAVE HIS LIFE
FOR THE CAUSE OF TRUTH, AND WHOSE SCORES OF
DESCENDANTS BLESS AND CHERISH HIS MEMORY.

WE HERE present the Journal of Archer Walters, age 47, English craftsman and son of a well-to-do family, who, in 1856, brought his wife, and five children between the ages of six and eighteen years, from Sheffield, England, to Utah, by boat, rail and handcart, and who, after having fashioned untimely coffins in which to lay at rest many of his fellow travelers, himself went to an early grave a fortnight after reaching Salt Lake Valley.

Ofttimes our histories deal with broad generalities, and with the goings and comings of our leaders. But here is the hitherto unpublished story of a faithful follower whose daily account of weary miles and privations, over land and water, was recently made available to *The Improvement Era* by Mrs. J. R. Pettit

of Los Angeles, a great-granddaughter of Archer Walters and one of the many descendants of this man who have continued faithful to the Church and to the cause of Truth for which Archer Walters gave his life.

The statistical and historical facts pertinent to this account are well substantiated by records found in

the Church Historian's office and by data published in the *Millennial Star* and the *Deseret News* in 1856.

Archer Walters was born July 29, 1809, at Cambridge, Cambridgeshire, England, the son of Archer Walters. According to Archer Walters Clayton, grandson, and Mrs. Lily Clayton Wolstenholme, granddaughter of Archer Walters,

among this man's family were numbered many clergymen and doctors. In accordance with the custom of families who could afford it, young Archer was taught a trade, in the pursuit of which he left Cambridge and went to Sheffield where he met and fell in love with Harriet Cross, a charming and lovable "factory-girl" whom Archer married in 1837, the same year in which the British Mission was opened.

Because of his wife's "social inferiority" Archer was disinherited by his family, and continued his residence and the pursuit of his trade in Sheffield. He was a carpenter, (joiner, as it is called in England) and in his shop window was a sign which read "From the cradle to the grave," meaning that he did all kinds of carpenter work which, in the Old Country, is often combined with undertaking. He had a very genial disposition and was happy and jolly. He and his wife became middle class people, living the life of an English family well-to-do but not rich.

Archer Walters (and it is presumed his family at the same time) was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints September 3, 1848, by an Elder Sylvester, and ordained a Priest April 1, 1849 by Elders Dunn, Long, and Lees.

The sheltered life in an English town did not prepare the family for the hardships of the journey across the plains, but Archer Walters said before leaving England: "If I can but reach the Valleys of the Mountains, in the land of Zion, with my family, that they may grow up under the influence of the Gospel of Christ, then I shall be satisfied, though I give my life in the effort."

THE SHIP *Enoch Train* on which he and his family embarked from Liverpool for Boston, March 22, 1856, carried 534 Saints including 415 adults (8 years and up), 98 children (1 to 8 years), and 21 infants (under 1 year), representing the following countries: England, 322; Scotland, 146; Ireland, 17; Wales, 18; and others from Denmark, America, Switzerland, Cape of Good Hope, and East India. The boat's skipper was Captain Henry P. Rich. The presidency of the company consisted of Elder James Ferguson, president, and Elders Edmund Ellsworth and Daniel D. McArthur, counselors.

This ship carried the first emigrants for Utah by the Perpetual

Emigration Fund in 1856. Four hundred thirty-one were "P. E." passengers many of whom were later to cross the plains with hand-carts; and one hundred three were "ordinary" passengers. The ship's company also included the following Elders who had been released from missionary labors in Great Britain: Spicer W. Crandall, John D. T. McAllister, John A. Hunt, J. Nathan, T. Porter, Edward Frost, Robert Parker, Andrew Galloway, Wm. Heaton, Walter Granger, and Samuel Hargreaves; also Truman Leonard who was returning home from the East India Mission. The ship's company also included a band from Birmingham.

The names and ages of Archer Walters' family are given as follows: Harriet (his wife), 47; Sarah, 18; Henry, 16; Harriet (daughter), 14; Martha, 12, and Lydia, 6.

This human document gives soul-inspiring insight into the kind of men and women who stood steadfastly by the Church in early days even at the cost of life itself, and who left home, country and comfort to conquer the great American Desert for the privilege of worshipping in the Lord's appointed way, and up-building the kingdom of Heaven.

And now the Journal of Archer Walters speaks the thoughts of an English carpenter, who, with his

family, left his native land and the traditions of his fathers, to travel through hardship and privation, for truth and freedom on a new frontier:

MARCH 18TH, 1856

Left Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, by rail to Liverpool, under the charge of Elders Frost and McDonald. A pleasant journey and under their charge all was in good order and all happy and rejoicing, numbering 31 in all. Comfortable, with my wife and five children in good health and spirits; all rejoicing in going to help the building up of the Lord's Kingdom in the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

19TH

All in good health for which I feel thankful to my Heavenly Father. All went to look at the ships lying in the Waterloo Docks. The name of the ship is "Enoch Train." Then went to the office, 42 Islington, to be booked; returned to rest quite tired.

20TH

Did not sleep very well, being the

42 ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL, HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHURCH IN EUROPE, FOR MANY DECADES. THROUGH THIS OFFICE, RICH IN CHURCH HISTORY, PASSAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR THOUSANDS OF LOYAL BRITISH AND OTHER EUROPEAN MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH.



first night. Rose up about 6 o'clock. Rations served out on the river. All went on very well. Patience tried a little but had no place in me. The best Good Friday I ever saw in my life. A band of music on board and all merry as crickets and the sailors and captains busy at work. Sent a letter to Brother Harrison, Sheffield. Thus ends Good Friday.

21ST

Saturday 21st, rose about 6 o'clock. A child born during the night. Sister sleeps well. Bro. F. D. Richards came on board and the Doctor. The brethren took all the male names for watch and began to organize their wards with Bro. Ferguson Pres. wards No. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

22ND

Sunday 22nd, Bro. Wheelock and Dunbar came on board. Bro. F. D. Richards sent us his blessings. Bro. Wheelock gave us some good instructions. Names of families called over. Saw confusion by a man coming for his wife and children. The young folks are with us. I guess he has shut the gate, but as soon as she sees it open she will be out. This only strengthens her faith in this work. This took place about 10 or 15 miles from Liverpool. A beautiful day. 20 miles from Liverpool and the ship still tugged by the steamer. Can see no land. Bro. Wheelock left at 6 o'clock with some good cheers.

23RD

Trumpet blew at 6 o'clock. All got up as could. My wife and children all sick but I got them on deck and at 12 o'clock was all better. Towards night all sick more or less besides myself.

24TH

A good strong wind. The ship heaved and worked and nearly all sick. Very queerly myself. Got out of the Irish Channel about 6 o'clock. Got still on board.

26TH

Sickness not so bad. I am better and am thankful. My wife, Henry and Harriet and Lydia and Sarah still sick. Ship going at good speed; wind nearly south. Harriet very sick. Rained hard towards night. All went to bed. Could eat nothing for we had no salt nor vinegar and we could not eat pork. The ship rocked all night. Was very poorly;

no appetite. Rough breakers; sea wind blowing southeast east.

27TH

All better except Harriet, for which I thank my Heavenly Father. Wind blowing briskly after a wet night. Now 12 o'clock and all well and merry. Most are getting over their sea sickness. A ship in sight bound for England. Trumpet sounded for prayers and we laid down in peace, committing our souls to the care of our Heavenly Father.

28TH

A fine morning and many better of sea sickness and our rations served out. Salt and vinegar; beef as we have had none before. Many on deck and not many in bed. Band played on deck; all rejoicing, etc.; songs, etc.

29TH

Cold wet day; all busy cooking. Trumpet blew for prayers. We had a good deal of singing in the ward until late at night.

30TH

A fine morning, wind blowing west and the ship not making three miles an hour. We hope the wind will change. A few sick but all busy cooking and many on deck in the afternoon. Some of the Brethren spoke. We retired to rest, committing our cares into the hands of the Heavenly Father.

APRIL 1ST

A sister died during the night named Esther Deveruth from Her-

fordshire Conference, aged 60 years. A rough day. Ships rolled and boxes rattled. Bottles upset. Bedsteads broke down and cooking did not please all for the saucepans upset in the jelly. Some scolded and some fell and hurt themselves. A thing to try the patience of some. Went to bed, ship rocked and rolled about; did not sleep well but all night the President and Captains of the different wards do their best for all and all good saints feel well.

2ND

The dead sister's body committed to the deep. It was the first I ever saw buried in the sea and I never want to see another. A rough day all day.

3RD

A fine morning; almost all on deck. Some few below sick. My family all well for which I am thankful. The band from Birmingham is playing and merrily, the ship rocking now and then sends them sprawling and makes them laugh, if one fell on top of another or 4 or 5 together. 11 o'clock and then we are out of a day's water and no extra water for cooking at all, but all night we are happy. Several songs during the afternoon by Messrs McAllison, Frost, Walters, etc. Band playing and dancing until dark when all went below. Trumpet sounded for prayers. Slept well. Sister Leasly fell and hurt herself during the night but is better this morning.

4TH

All well. Some good boiled rice for breakfast but . . . cried for gruel and mother did not like it and Sarah grumbled, but if they grumble now what will they do before they get to the Valley. Nearly 12 o'clock. The wind blowing nearly west and not going very fast. Waves keep splashing on deck. Wind blowing against us. 4 o'clock going at a good speed. Harriet crying because there is no sugar, and Sarah not well pleased and mother scolding. Henry got some preserves given to him. He went to bed but was very sick. Songs up and down stairs. Bugle sounded for prayers. We went to bed committing our souls to the care of our Heavenly Father and bid each other good night.

(To be Continued)





CARVETH WELLS

THIS article by the distinguished world-traveler, explorer, and relater of facts has been adapted for "The Improvement Era" from a radio address presented nationwide over KSL and other stations Sunday, May 3, 1936. Mr. Wells, citizen of the world, knows people and knows places, and he tells what he knows with truth and color.

A CITIZEN of the WORLD LOOKS AT UTAH

By CARVETH WELLS

CARVETH WELLS, "GLOBE-TROTTER EXTRAORDINARY," AT HOME IN MANY LANDS AND WITH MANY PEOPLES, TELLS A COLORFUL STORY ABOUT A COLORFUL PLACE.

I'M GOING to transport you to Utah, the center of scenic America, where the colors of Nature's masterpieces are brighter and more spectacular than any region on earth, even surpassing the gorgeous colors of Colorado and the Grand Canyon itself. I only wish I could devote this talk to the splendid history of the state, for the story of the Mormon Pioneers is truly one of the great epics of America and the amazing achievements of Utah's people stand today as a monument to their sturdy Americanism. Only the old Mormon Pioneers themselves had the foresight to realize that the Exodus of the Latter-day Saints in 1846, just ninety years ago, formed a new epoch not only in the history of their Church but of the whole nation. A great tragedy of intolerance has been turned into a great victory, not only for the faith of a great people, but for the whole of America because they have made the desert blossom like a rose and have converted one of the wildest

portions of the United States into one of the most productive and cultured regions in the world.

No wonder Utah is known as the "Beehive State," for her people are not only as busy as bees, but they also never cease storing up good things for the future, not merely material wealth but great treasures of art, science, literature, music, and all that is of great spiritual value to mankind. Utah has produced some of America's greatest statesmen not only in the past, for right now you will find the state represented in some of the highest positions in our government. For you who love books of travel and adventure, I recommend that you read the life of Brigham Young by Susa Young Gates and Leah D. Widtsoe, and having read this fascinating story of the great Mormon Exodus, set your course for the West and hit the trail for Salt Lake City.

Once you arrive at Salt Lake you are in the geographical center of a region that contains no fewer than sixty-two national parks and national monuments. For this reason Salt Lake City justly claims to be the headquarters of Scenic America. The city itself is so clean and beautiful that it has often been described by artists as a "sparkling gem in a lordly setting." On the west side are the gleaming waters of the Great Salt Lake, but to the north, east, and south are tremendous canyons and snowcapped

mountains with lovely lakes and fishing streams.

Utah owes its transformation from a desert to a region of inestimable wealth and prosperity to water, but it was Brigham Young who showed the people how to use the water. Close to the city is Emigration Canyon through which that great pioneer led the advance guard of the Mormons in 1847. A fine highway now runs into this historic canyon for sixteen miles, ending at Pinecrest. At the entrance to the canyon is a granite monument marking the spot where Brigham Young exclaimed, "This is the place."

BEFORE YOU take any of the lovely drives from the city make straight for the Temple Square and see this most interesting area with a good guide, and you'll find that the hours slip by like minutes. That enormous structure that looks like a watermelon cut in half lengthwise is the Tabernacle. It is built entirely of wood and has the finest acoustics of any auditorium in the world. When it was built, there were no such things as iron nails available in Utah, so this whole building was laboriously knitted together by means of rawhide and wooden pegs. Eight thousand people can be seated comfortably under its enormous, unsupported roof.

Be sure you attend the daily organ recital. Sit as far away from the organ as possible and then no-

tice that ordinary-sized man who looks like a midget hold his hand aloft for silence and then drop a pin. You can hear it drop and then you realize why absolute silence is necessary if you wish to appreciate the exquisite music of this world-famous organ.

The gem of Utah's buildings is the Temple. At the time of its construction this magnificent building which cost well over four million dollars was over a thousand miles from civilization. It is built of solid granite and the blocks had to be hauled by oxen twenty miles from the Little Cottonwood Canyon, the journey taking four days. Progress was so slow that Brigham Young ordered a canal to be dug in order to carry the blocks by boat but before the canal was finished a railroad was constructed to the quarry. However, the finished canal was then used and is still used to convey water to the city.

Only Mormons are permitted to enter this Temple—and only good Mormons with faultless credentials at that, for it is here that the most sacred rites of the Mormon Church are performed.

One monument that you must be sure to see is the Seagull Monument, erected to the birds which miraculously saved the first crops of the Pioneers when they were being eaten by a plague of crickets. In the southeast corner of the Temple Square is an old log cabin protected under a pergola and surrounded by an iron fence. This is the oldest house in Salt Lake City, but just compare it with the Temple and the Tabernacle and then realize that both these magnificent buildings were constructed from local materials just as much as that old log cabin.

A drive to the State Capitol will reward you with a fine view of the entire city and the Salt Lake Valley. Here you will see the Governor's reception room with its furniture inlaid with gold. . . gold trimmed draperies and chandeliers that are almost pure gold and silver. . . then for contrast see the exhibition of Pioneer relics, including the first piano that had to be hauled a thousand miles across the plains by a team of oxen. Music and Mormons have always been inseparable from the very earliest days when they carried a brass band to cheer them on their journey into the unknown west. Salt Lake City is undoubtedly one of the most important musical centres in America.



THE RUSSET CRAGS OF ZION NATIONAL PARK FROM THE WEST RIM TRAIL.

If your children want one of the most thrilling and amusing experiences of a lifetime take them to Salt-air Beach quite close to the city, and let them take a dip in the Great Salt Lake. It isn't necessary for them to know how to swim, for they cannot possibly sink in this briny water. If you're anxious to go trout fishing then drive to the Granddaddy Lakes where you can fish and camp to your heart's content. As for scenic motoring, just drive over the Alpine Scenic Highway, a loop trip around Mount Timpanogos, and if the younger members of your party want an exciting hike let them try to climb to the top of

the mountain, twelve thousand feet above the sea, where they can see America's farthest south glacier.

Salt Lake City is surrounded by some of the greatest mines in the world: gold, silver, copper, and mines with many other minerals—in fact it was Abraham Lincoln who said, "Utah is the treasure house of the nation."

THE LONGER you remain in Salt Lake City the more amazed you will be with this garden city that has risen from the desert. In the springtime the air is filled with the song of the meadow-lark and

the hills are covered with wild flowers. During the warm summer months the numerous city parks with their lovely shade trees, velvety lawns, and flowery paths are filled with people that are good to look at: vigorous men, pretty women, and charming children, for if there is one state in America where a happy home and family life is the ideal of everyone it is in Utah.

Soft cool breezes from the canyons temper the heat of midsummer, drinking fountains line the sidewalks, while clear water from the mountains continually runs through the streets. In winter the streets of Salt Lake City are cleaned with hot water obtained from neighboring hot springs.

The most spectacular natural wonders in America both in color and form are to be found in southern Utah. The tremendous natural arches of vividly colored sandstone are still probably the least known of our national monuments, for many of them have to be reached on horseback. For instance, Rainbow Bridge—that gigantic arch high enough to span the National Capitol at Washington, and that looks like a rainbow turned to stone both in shape and color, was only seen by four hundred and thirty people last year. Compare this with the fifty-one thousand automobiles that visited Grand Canyon during the same year.

Fortunately for motorists Utah's

most astonishing scenery is in the southwest where the roads are not only excellent but where there is one highway that is probably the most spectacular in the world. I have driven over the Grand Corniche Drive in the Riviera and I have seen the lovely vistas of the Columbia River highway in Oregon, but neither can compare with the twenty-five mile drive along the Zion-Mount Carmel tunnelled highway that is not only a great engineering wonder but one of the scenic marvels of the world.

So let me suggest a definite drive that will include the three most vividly colored fairylands in America, Cedar Breaks National Monument, Bryce National Park, and Zion National Park. They are all close together and linked by magnificent highways. Visit these wonderful places in the order I have mentioned because geologists will tell you that Cedar Breaks is an example of the first stage of erosion; Bryce Canyon is the second stage; and Zion, the third. The drive south from Salt Lake City to Cedar City will be an adventure in itself. Provo on lovely Utah Lake will invite you to stop around this thriving city.

Carry on south into the wide open spaces. Towns get fewer and farther apart until you soon begin to appreciate what is meant by the great abiding peace that is so good

for the soul. At Cedar City prepare yourself for a crescendo of scenery that will end in a smashing climax in Zion National Park.

A thrilling drive through deep canyons, but winding and climbing up and up, will bring you almost a mile higher than Cedar City itself. You are now on the plateau of the Dixie National Forest, driving on a level road and surrounded by lovely trees, when suddenly you arrive at the brink of a tremendous chasm, miles wide and half a mile deep. The Indians called it "the circle of painted cliffs." Artists have counted at least sixty distinct tints of color in Cedar Breaks, and as for weird formation all you need is a vivid imagination to see every kind of subject from a Model T flivver to perfect profiles of Mussolini and Mae West. Never make the mistake of ridiculing the imagination of a child for it is a sign of a healthy mind. See the "Walls of Jericho," and the "Gate of the Forbidden City," for these are the most famous formations at Cedar Breaks.

Now carry on to Bryce Canyon and see the next stage in nature's great work of erosion. Once again you find yourself on the edge of a vast amphitheatre that gives you the impression of a great ruined city in the days of the Arabian Nights. The Indian name again describes it perfectly: "A-bowl-shaped-canyon-filled-with-red-rock-

(Concluded on page 513)

NATURAL BRIDGE NEAR FRUITA, UTAH



Editorial

Warning to Church Members

WITH great regret we learn from credible sources, governmental and others, that a few Church members are joining directly or indirectly, the Communists and are taking part in their activities.

The Church does not interfere, and has no intention of trying to interfere, with the fullest and freest exercise of the political franchise of its members, under and within our Constitution which the Lord declared: "I established . . . by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose," and which, as to the principles thereof, the Prophet, dedicating the Kirtland Temple, prayed should be "established forever."

But Communism is not a political party nor a political plan under the Constitution; it is a system of government that is the opposite of our Constitutional government, and it would be necessary to destroy our government before Communism could be set up in the United States.

Since Communism, established, would destroy our American Constitutional government, to support Communism is treasonable to our free institutions, and no patriotic American citizen may become either a Communist or supporter of Communism.

To our Church members we say: Communism is not the United Order, and bears only the most superficial resemblance thereto; Communism is based upon intolerance and force, the United Order upon love and freedom of conscience and action; Communism involves forceful despoliation and confiscation, the United Order voluntary consecration and sacrifice.

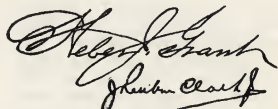
Communists cannot establish the United Order, nor will Communism bring it about. The United Order will be established by the Lord in His own due time and in accordance with the regular prescribed order of the Church.

Furthermore, it is charged by universal report, which is not successfully contradicted or disproved, that Communism undertakes to control, if not indeed to proscribe the religious life of the people living within its jurisdiction, and that it even reaches

its hand into the sanctity of the family circle itself, disrupting the normal relationship of parent and child, all in a manner unknown and unsanctioned under the Constitutional guarantees under which we in America live. Such interference would be contrary to the fundamental precepts of the Gospel and to the teachings and order of the Church.

Communism being thus hostile to loyal American citizenship and incompatible with true Church membership, of necessity no loyal American citizen and no faithful Church member can be a Communist.

We call upon all Church members completely to eschew Communism. The safety of our divinely inspired Constitutional government and the welfare of our Church imperatively demand that Communism shall have no place in America.



David O. McKay
The First Presidency.

The Use of Gospel Standards

PROFOUNDLY important to the Church and to the world are the two messages recently issued by the First Presidency of the Church: the one designed to take Church members off public relief rolls; the other (above printed) a warning against insidious propaganda for lawless government. By these documents the Church is again making history; is again giving evidence of the presence and power of divine inspiration.

Overwhelmed and bewildered by the material gifts of the age, men question the sufficiency of the ancient moral code. In their confusion, clear thinking is vanishing, though some things should be evident enough: the automobile cannot abrogate the command "Thou shalt not steal," nor can the radio still the voice of conscience.

Latter-day Saints should find no difficulty in distinguishing between truth and error, right and wrong, even under our changing physical life, in the midst of the flood of new knowledge and invention. The Gospel is a guide to conduct, a chart

for life's voyage, a set of ideals by which every proposition may be measured. Latter-day Saints should test every new offering by Gospel standards. That is one of the high opportunities within the Church of Jesus Christ.

For example, the right of free agency is fundamental in the Gospel structure. Man should always be left free to accept or to reject. There should be no interference with the human will. If, under the eternal law, man chooses right, he is rewarded; if he chooses unwisely, he brings punishment upon himself. This doctrine was fought for and established in the Great Council held in the heavens before the earth was made.

This principle may be used in evaluating the merit of many social, economic, and political offerings of the day. Communism, Fascism, and Nazism may be judged by this principle—whatever endangers to the least degree man's right to act for himself is not of God and must be resisted by Latter-day Saints. The deep meaning of a constitutional form of government is that those who live under it shall determine its laws and policies, and, then, knowing the consequences, be left free to obey or disobey the law. It is this doctrine of man's right to freedom that runs through the message above published.

The principle of free agency leads directly to an equally useful, derivative principle. The Lord, who conceived the plan of salvation for man's good, does not compel men to accept it. It is taught to mankind here and will be taught to them hereafter; it may be accepted or rejected. Thus, man climbs, with God's help, but by his own effort, up the road to eternal joy. This firm expression of self-help should be the warp to the woof of man's every act.

When economic distress comes, the ways and means of self-help should be given first consideration. Each man must do all he can to help himself out of the difficult situation in which he finds himself. When this is done, the group to which he belongs may ask itself if further opportunity for the man's self-help should be provided. Such self-help, first by the individual, then by the immediate group, moving hesitantly beyond the individual and his circle for further help, is the opposite, the negative, of charity. According to the Gospel standard, it is by self-help, material and spiritual, that man rises toward his divine majesty. To this ideal, the Church is rallying its members in its social security program.

Every present-day offering and our every decision, must be tested by Gospel standards. That is the urgent need of the day.—J. A. W.

Comment on Communism

THE foregoing statement on Communism by the First Presidency of the Church has been received thankfully and with fervent approval, both within and without the Church, by Americans who love America. Typical of the resultant reactions is an editorial which appeared July 8, 1936, in the *Salt Lake Tribune*, a newspaper published by interests not of our Church. At the suggestion of President Heber J. Grant, *The Improvement Era's* Editor-in-Chief, the editorial referred to is here reproduced in full:

"ENEMIES WITHIN OUR GATES"

"There is both reason and logic in the recent pronouncement of the Mormon Church against communism. The statement is more than a religious document because it warns of a menace that drives at the very foundations of American life. Communism has nothing in common with the Mormon Church or any other, this government or any other, this people or any other. It is an enemy to religion, to freedom, and to civilization.

"The warning of the First Presidency is timely and to the point. It distinguishes between communistic enterprise and free political discussion within the bounds of the Constitution. It recites forcibly that communism is not freedom but serfdom, not the exponent of new political rights for the people, but the enemy of existing governmental guarantees to them.

"The statement says:

"Communism is not a political party nor a political plan

under the Constitution; it is a system of government that is the opposite of our Constitutional government, and it would be necessary to destroy our Constitution before communism could be set up in the United States. Since communism, established, would destroy our American constitutional government, to support communism is reasonable."

"Communistic preaching, first of all, is a means to an end. It is an essential step in the overthrow of established government. Once the people are disarmed there is no turning back. They become slaves under a rule of force, which tolerates no interference or resistance, be it peaceful or violent. Russia is the outstanding example of an enslaved people. The roseate promises held out to accomplish the revolution are forgotten, the fanciful ideals are repudiated and the rule of a designing leadership is made absolute.

"Established communism endures no criticism of its course. Such activities as the Mormon Church warns against would be punishable as treason in Russia. Only the other day, Joseph Stalin declared that the Soviet Union will avoid any electoral system under which any party could defeat the government and take its place. Why should the American people be more tolerant of the enemies within their gates? Why should they hold out the guarantees of Constitutional government to men and women who seek to destroy them? Why should not allegiance or subscription to principles conceived and designed to destroy the Constitution be sternly punished?

"We do not abandon our homes to the burglars. No more should we tolerate the activities of those who seek to destroy the foundations of our homes and our civilization, Constitutional government. Spies and traitors to the trust of our government are handled without gloves. Why should any more consideration be shown those who would destroy the government itself?"

The Church Moves On



L. D. S. INSTITUTE AND SEMINARY STAFF

INSTITUTE AND SEMINARY

APPROXIMATELY one hundred leaders in religious education assembled for instruction and discussion in Salt Lake City from June 4 to June 11 inclusive during a special convention of the L. D. S. Institute and Seminary Staff conducted under the direction of Dr. Frank L. West, Church Commissioner of Education, assisted by Dr. M. Lynn Bennion, Supervisor of Seminaries. Many distinguished educators and Church leaders addressed the group during the eight-day gathering. Meetings were held in the Church Office Building.

NEW MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT BOARD MEMBERS CHOSEN

THE GENERAL Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations have chosen several new members to help carry the work forward. Those chosen for the Young Men's Board are: Aldon J. Anderson, Werner Kiepe, J. Edwin Nelson, Arthur Peterson, Dr. L. A. Stevenson, and T. Frank Williams. The appointees to the Young Women's Board are: Aurelia Bennion, Lucile T. Buehner, Polly R. Hardy, and Freda Jensen. All of these people are well-qualified to render effective service in Mutual Improvement work.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEET

A MEETING to consider the proper keeping of the Sabbath Day was held in the Tabernacle on Sunday, June 28, 1936. More than two-thirds of the 5,000 people present were young men holding the Aaronic Priesthood.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

THERE are more than 14,000 members of the Church in these Islands.

DEATH CLAIMS ONE MORE PIONEER OF 1847

WHEN Mrs. Mary Theodosia Savage Wilcox of Thornton, Idaho, passed away on May 30th, 1936, the number of surviving Pioneers of 1847 was cut to ten. Mrs. Wilcox was born February 28, 1847, as her parents were journeying toward Salt Lake valley from Kirtland, Ohio. With her parents she was one of the earliest settlers of Lehi, Cedar City, and Bear Lake valley. On August 23, 1865, she married John D. Wilcox at Paris, Idaho.

MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD FROM THE SALT LAKE MISSIONARY HOME ARRIVED JUNE 1, 1936—DEPARTED JUNE 11, 1936

First row, left to right: Claire Craner, Elva Killian, Leona Draper, Letitia Gibbs, Marie T. Anderson, Wilma Burtenshaw, Thomas Hardy, Callis A. Caldwell, Nelda M. Bills.
Second row, right to left: La Var H. Whittaker, Stanford J. Taylor, Eva Esplin, Beryl Mechem, President John H. Taylor, Rulon J. Holman, Kenneth D. Brown, John S. Alley.
Third row, left to right: Donald A. Knight, Louis Stuart, Virginia Andrew, Margeurite Ward, Mae Irvine, De Carina DeMars, Frances E. Madden, Rulon Flint Laird.
Fourth row, right to left: Joseph H. Peterson, Lynn Farr, Morris H. Anderson, Ray D. Smith, M. Smith Passey, Horace W. Burdon, Dewey F. Sundberg, Als Harris, John W. Foote.
Fifth row, left to right: Clark Nelsen, L. Pierce Brady, Melvin L. Neerings, Fenton C. Tyler, Austin Hammond, Benjamin H. Glade.
Sixth row, right to left: Edward Erekson, Lynn A. Argyle, Nathan W. Buckwalter, Arnel Dastrup.

ARRIVED JUNE 15, 1936—DEPARTED JUNE 25, 1936

First row, left to right: Ernest R. Jensen, Ruth Uresbach, Bernice Reid, LaVon Marquardson, Frances Davis, Ann Glayson, June J. Huskinson, Uddell Anderson.
Second row, left to right: William P. Buys, Lamar Larson, Seth H. Young, Sister Rachel G. Taylor, President John H. Taylor, R. Ferris Bunker, Robert A. Price.
Third row, left to right: Charles W. Brown, Julius A. Leatham, Arthur C. Porter, Stephen E. Grover, Chris F. Alfred, Kenneth L. Cannon, L. Arvid Dodge, Raymond H. Goodwin.
Fourth row, left to right: Reed B. Berrett, Grant Catmull, Erland Johnson, S. LeVan Kimball, Walter Roderic Lewis, Alton D. Merrill, F. Lorin Bunker.
Fifth row, left to right: Ferrill Catmull, S. Wayne Rey, Florence Malmberg, Richard S. Clark.



Poetry

DAY'S END

By Helen Maring

ABOVE the lake, the opaque milky way
Shows through the line of trees that
silhouette
Against the sky. The campfire's gold lights
play
Upon our features, like a flickering jet
Of lamplight in some dim and shadowed
street.
Our talk on far things turns to musing
thought.
These quiet starlit moments are more sweet
Than many others that the hours have
brought.
There is a calmness in the starry night
That stirs our dreams. The peaceful mo-
ment races. . . .
Bright embers of the campfire glow, and
light
The contours of our happy dreaming faces.

PRAYER

By Queena Davison Miller

PRAYER is like a summer shower
Bringing to the sun-parched flower
Nourishment for dying root,
Strength for wilting leaf and shoot.

Prayer is like a summer night
After day's long weary flight—
Shelter for a quiet nest,
Gleam of stars on wings at rest.

Prayer is like a secret place
Where I see my Father's face;
Peace and love and strength for task
He will grant if I but ask.

THE SOWER

By James Casto

ASOWER took a bag of seeds
And cast them to the wanton wind,
Carelessly flinging flowers and weeds,
Regardless of color or kind.
Then God sent down the gentle rain,
Calling them all to life again;
For every seed that he had sown,
Around his house a plant has grown.

A youth began life's journey long,
Tripping lightly along the way,
With blithesome heart and joyous song;
Here a kindly word he'd say,
There a thoughtless act perform.
An aged man with withered form,
He now is reaping deed for deed,
Flower for flower, and weed for weed.

ILLUSION

By Winifred Montgomery

THE stars press so close
On this summer night
I will reach up
And sift them through my fingers
Like sand—
Well, I might!

LOST MUSIC

By Clara Aiken Speer

I was a wild enough child, no doubt,
With a hand-strung lute to twang;
Simple and crude were the words I knew;
Untrained was the voice that sang.

Yet the soothing of brooks was in my
songs,
And the cadences of birds,
And love and faith were in my heart
And in my artless words.

Then you who said you were my friends
Enrolled me in a school
Where my voice was tempered and refined
Like a microscopic tool.

You gave me a lyre which was fashioned
by
A dean with delicate art,
You taught my hands a smooth technique—
But you gave me an empty heart.

You laughed away my eager faith,
Made love seem blundering.
O blame me not that my lips are mute:
I have no song to sing.



I LOVE THE HILLS

By Merling Dennis Clyde

I LOVE the hills;
They call to me
With sweet insistent urge
To come and wander over them
And there in peace to purge
My aching soul.
Where their quiet strength surrounds
My weary steps are led,
And I lay my burdens at their feet
And there am comforted.

I love the hills;
They call to me—
With white of columbine—
With scent of pine upon the wind.
Tendrils of moss and vine
Cling, drawing life
From other things more sturdy.
And I, too, find release
From binding cares where those staunch old
hills
Close round in gentle peace.

In solitude I wander there;
My crowding heart-throbs dimmed
By rushing waterfall
While luring breezes whisper wistfully
Caressingly
In cadent melodies
Through hills that softly call

LIFE HOLDS LOVELINESS

By Catherine E. Berry

LIFE holds loveliness for us
To compensate for pain,
The silver of the moon at night,
The jeweled drops of rain.

Gardens filled with fragrant flowers,
The sunset's flaming hue,
The songs of birds that greet the dawn,
The sky's deep sapphire blue.

Beauty for our crying need,
Sheer loveliness to hold,
And the sweet release of Death
When our days are told.

AH, WASTE NO PITY

By Hazel Granger Madill

AH, WASTE no time in pity or regret.
That I am blind and can no longer see
The deepening blue of summer skies; nor
fret,
That flowers flaunt their hues no more for
me.
And shed no tears that I shall never know,
Again, the beauty of a greening field
Or tree; or watch a campfire's cameo
Of night-things . . . all so brilliantly re-
vealed.

But pray, instead, that I will always keep
The beauty of these things within my mind;
And let no wintry blast of rancor creep
Into my heart with blighting thoughts un-
kind.

Oh, pray, that I may keep them ever green,
And learn to sing of beauty, though unseen.

SUNDOWN BY THE SEA

By Ethel Romig Fuller

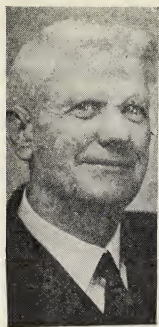
I ALL alone,
I, A slip of a girl,
Am walking a path
Of mother-of-pearl—
A shimmering trail
The sun has laid
At the fringe of the surf
For me to wade.
I, all alone!
But for a gull,
None to disturb
This beautiful
Moment of dusk
By the rose-flecked sea—
Winds and waves
For company.
I'm glad, oh, I'm glad
That I am I,
Bare-headed, bare-footed,
And nobody by.

A PRAYER

By Lella Marler Hoggan

IN WINTER's cold, in summer's heat we toil
Through the long stretches of the day.
Dear Lord, give us bread, we pray.

And if our task be worthy of the hire
Our measure full and true,
Dear Lord, may we not have roses, too?



GEORGE D PYPER

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

By GEORGE D. PYPER

General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union and a Member of the Church Music Committee

IV. "O Ye Mountains High"

By CHARLES W. PENROSE

IT WAS in the afternoon of a hot day in July. Salt Lake City "lay sweltering in the summer's sun." But some five thousand feet higher, at the head of Cottonwood Canyon, only a few miles distant, cool breezes were blowing from the snowcapped peaks of the Wasatch, as a genial group, seeking refuge from the heat, gathered before a crackling pine-knot fire in a Brighton cottage. Among the guests were the late Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Charles W. Penrose. The subject of the conversation was the hymns written by Brother Penrose and he was asked to relate the circumstances under which some of them were written. He gladly responded and there in the "mountains high, where the clear blue sky arches over the vales of the free" he told the stories of the origin of his hymns.

On another occasion, on the sixtieth birthday of President Heber J. Grant he and his wife were entertaining the General Authorities of the Church. On that day with one exception all the hymns rendered were those written by Charles W. Penrose. The one exception, a favorite of John R. Winder who was present, was "Who Are These Arrayed in White?" sung by President Grant's daughter. Before the singing of Brother Penrose's songs the interesting stories of their origin were again related. Here is the story of "O Ye Mountains High," in the author's own words. Said President Penrose:

"O Ye Mountains High" was written somewhere along about 1854, published in 1856. I was walking on a dusty road in Essex. My toes were blistered and my

heels too. I had been promised that if I would stay in the mission field another year I should be released. That was the cry every year: 'Brother Penrose, if you will stay and labor another year, we will see that you are released to go to Zion.' But it kept up for over ten years. Of course I had read about Zion and heard about the streets of Salt Lake City, with the clear streams of water on each side of the street, with shade trees, and so on. I could see it in my mind's eye, and so I composed that song as I was walking along the road, and set it to a tune—the Scotch ditty, 'O Minnie, O Minnie, Come o'er the Lea'; those were the opening words. When I got to the place called Mundon in Essex we held a cottage meeting, and in that meeting I sang it for the first time it was ever sung. Of course the words were adapted to a person who had never been to Zion then, but it was afterwards changed in a very slight respect or two, to fit people who had gathered with the Saints. It was inspirational and seemed to please President Brigham Young."

With President Penrose's graphic recital in mind, the hymn needs little or no analysis. It tells its own story—the poet's vision of the mountains and valleys of Zion and his intense longing to be there; his love for Zion's "glad tidings" in spite of the ridicule and the revilings of her

enemies; his faith in God who would strengthen her feet and cause her figuratively to tread on the necks of her foes whose silver and gold should adorn her fair head; his faith in the deliverance of Zion, in the defeat of her oppressors and the ultimate triumph of God's people.

Like all of President Penrose's songs, in common with many other "Mormon" hymns, "O Ye Mountains High" was sung to one of the popular tunes of the day. The author names "O Minnie, O Minnie, Come O'er the Lea" as the one to which it was first adapted. But as we now sing it the tune is that of H. S. Thompson's "Lily Dale."

When the song was first published, in 1856, it instantly took its place among the most popular hymns of the Church; and within two years it played a leading part in one of the most thrilling scenes of Church history. When Johnston's army was in Echo Canyon, on its way to Salt Lake City, a Peace Commission, consisting of Governor L. W. Powell of Kentucky and Major Ben McCullough of Texas, was sent to



Utah, arriving at Salt Lake City in June, 1858. In one of the tense meetings (June 11th) the Commissioners presented their message. Brigham Young responded and the outlook for peace seemed favorable. Edward M. Tullidge, in his *History of Salt Lake City*, tells what followed:

"A well-known character, O. P. Rockwell, was seen to enter, approach the ex-Governor and whisper to him. He was from the Mormon army. There was at once a sensation, for it was appreciated that he brought some unexpected and important news: Brigham arose, his manner self-possessed but severe:

"Governor Powell, are you aware, sir, that those troops are on the move toward the City?"

"It cannot be," exclaimed Powell, surprised, 'for we were promised by the General that they should not move till after this meeting.'

"I have received a dispatch that they are on the march for this City. My messenger would not deceive me."

"It was like a thunderclap to the Peace Commissioners: they could offer no explanation.

"Is Brother Dunbar present?" inquired Brigham.

"Yes, sir," responded the one called.

"What was coming now?"

"Brother Dunbar, sing 'Zion'."

"The Scotch songster came forward and sang—'O Ye Mountains High,' etc."

IN AN article published in the *Relief Society Magazine*, Volume 8, page 246, it was stated that the song sung at the meeting with the Peace Commissioners was the Mormon battle hymn "Up! Awake Ye Defenders of Zion!" a much more militant song than "O Ye Mountains High," and one that would have been highly appropriate to the occasion; but in the same magazine, Volume 9, page 68, President Penrose corrected this article, stating it was an error; that "O Ye Mountains High," called "Zion" was the song sung by Brother Dunbar. "Up! Awake Ye Defenders of Zion," he wrote, "was written about that time, but was not sung in Utah until a later date." It was published in the *Millennial Star* in 1861.

The song deeply impressed the Peace Commissioners and after several stormy sessions a peaceful solution of the war was agreed upon. The army passed through Salt Lake City, rested temporarily on the west banks of the Jordan River, and then established Camp Floyd on the west side of Utah Lake.

As the clouds of prejudice against the Mormon people disappeared and misunderstandings were cleared up it occurred to many of our own people that two lines in the third and



CHARLES W. PENROSE

O Ye Mountains High

By CHARLES W. PENROSE

O YE mountains high, where the
clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow and the
clear streamlets flow,
How I've longed to your bosom to
beel
O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,
Now my own mountain home, unto
thee I have come—
All my fond hopes are centered in
thee.

Tho' the great and the wise, all thy
beauties despise,
To the humble and pure thou art
dear.

Tho' the haughty may smile and the
wicked revile,

Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear,
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
Tho' thou wert forced to fly to thy
chambers on high,

Yet we'll share joy and sorrow with
thee.

In thy mountain retreat, God will
strengthen thy feet;
Without fear of thy foes thou shalt
tread;

And thy silver and gold, as the
Prophets have told,
Shall be brought to adorn thy fair
head.

O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
Soon thy towers shall shine with a
splendor divine,
And eternal thy glory shall be.

Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll
sing to thy praise.

Sacred home of the Prophets of God;
Thy deliverance is nigh, thy op-
pressors shall die,

And thy land shall be freedom's
abode.

O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,
In thy temples we'll bend, all thy
rights we'll defend,

And our home shall be ever with thee.

fourth verses should be revised. They were, respectively—"On the necks of thy foes, thou shalt tread," and "The Gentiles shall bow 'neath Thy rod."

On one occasion President Heber J. Grant said to Brother Penrose: "Brother Penrose, when you pass away, with your permission I'd like to change those two lines." He replied, "That will be all right."

Just how fair-minded non-Mormons feel about these lines is indicated in the following circumstances gleaned from an interview by the writer with President Heber J. Grant on June 30, 1936:

In 1921 or 1922 Mr. Fred W. Shibley came from New York representing the bankers to whom the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company was indebted \$7,000,000. The terrible slump in the price of sugar from \$14.00 to \$5.00 and the slump in sales, caused the company to lose a vast sum of money. Shibley came out to look the situation over, and made a very favorable report on the final triumph of the sugar industry.

President Grant took Mr. Shibley up Emigration Canyon to dinner at Pinecrest Inn. While coming down Emigration Canyon in the automobile the President sang "O Ye Mountains High" and "Come, Come, Ye Saints." Upon the President's finishing "Come, Come, Ye Saints," Mr. Shibley said: "Mr. Grant, give me a copy of that hymn."

The next day the President took him to Brighton, and noticing that Emma Lucy Gates Bowen was visiting with her mother in the cabin next door to the President's, he took Mr. Shibley to their cabin. Brother and Sister John A. Widtsoe were also present. President Grant said: "Emma Lou, please sing for Mr. Shibley 'O Ye Mountains High.' I sang it for him last night, but I would like him to hear it sung by somebody who knows how to sing."

She turned to the President and said, "Of course you want me to sing only two verses."

He replied: "Not on your life, give him all four verses."

When she finished singing, President Grant said: "Mr. Shibley, it must have shocked you for me, the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to sing that hymn to you, when the Savior's teachings are to turn the other cheek, and love your enemies. I have arranged with the author of the hymn,

(Concluded on page 514)

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

“You are just as old as your nose is long,” might almost be said. Dr. Hrdlicka has found that some features of the head never cease to grow. The ears get larger, the nose gets longer and broader, and the mouth stretches wider throughout life.

A MARRIED man has a better chance of long life than a single man according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

FOOTPRINTS and fingerprints are now used in a hospital of Oak Park, Illinois, to prevent mixups of the newborn. The print of the palm of the foot of the baby is placed on a card with the mother's fingerprints.

IN the British Museum of Natural History there is preserved a grasshopper about four inches long, with its prey, a mouse about two and one-half inches long, not counting the tail. It was caught in Africa many years ago.

PROBABLY our largest insect is the “walking stick” of the East Indies, measuring about a foot long and two inches wide. Though ferocious in appearance, it is entirely harmless.

REPLACING a highly valuable but missing finger with a relatively useless toe has been accomplished by a Russian surgeon.

FRESH ripe fruits, fresh garden vegetables, salads, cereals, milk of good sanitary quality, and milk products satisfy the hunger while adding but little to heat production. They are therefore good for hot weather.

It takes longer to digest food at higher altitudes. Fifty per cent more time is required to empty a stomach at Pike's Peak than at sea level.

THE skin is more sensitive than the best mercury-in-glass thermometers which scientists can make. This extremely high heat sensitivity of the skin may explain, according to *Science News Letter*, “the sixth sense whereby the presence of another person in the dark is made known.”

A SPONGE which rivals the natural sponge has been made from highly purified wood and cotton cellulose.

MILK could be divided and each part made into a different cheese. Emmental, Roquefort, Limburger, and Cheddar, which differ radically in taste and appearance. Cheesemakers could make these different cheeses from the same milk by varying the methods of curing and ripening the cheese. Temperature, salting, humidity, and kind of micro-organisms can be varied.

“HAIL Jewel in the Lotus,” the most popular Tibetan religious expression has been found in many places in Tibet. Recently an American expedition discovered it carved in an ice bridge on the Upper Yangtze River.

A CAMERA small enough and so compact that it can be pushed down the throat into the larynx, to take films of the vocal cords in action, has been invented by two Viennese investigators. The camera carries its own light bulb. After the exposure is made the surgeon pulls the camera out and develops the film.

HAILSTONES as large as thirteen and a half inches in circumference have fallen in the United States, some have weighed twice as much as a baseball. Stones of this size will kill not only rabbits and pigs but even cattle. To prevent hail there were at one time in Italy 10,000 hail cannons, which were shot at the clouds to prevent hail from falling.

PLANTS which do not usually blossom until spring have been forced into bloom by Christmas by treating with ethylene chlorohydrin. Ethylene on the green rind of ripe citrus fruit changes the color to the normal lemon or orange color which as far as the purchaser is concerned indicates ripeness.

HELIUM may be used to prevent “the bends” or caisson disease which affects workers exposed to air at high pressure as deep sea divers. When the workers come into normal air pressure the nitrogen taken into the blood at high pressure forms bubbles in their veins. Inert helium may be better than nitrogen because it is less soluble in blood.

MOST of the expeditions sent by various countries to take photographs and make observations of the recent eclipse of the sun in Russia had favorable weather.

GORILLAS beat their chests not as a challenge but because of nervous excitement. They don't roar, they bark, and prefer to shuffle along, with a good part of their weight on the knuckles of their hands, since they are too clumsy to climb very much. Carl E. Akeley, though he repeatedly exposed himself, was never attacked by a gorilla. They merely looked at him with a tolerant curiosity.

MINUTE relatives of the crabs, fungi, mosses, and algae have been taken from the soil in northern Siberia where they have been frozen for several thousand years, thawed and given a chance to grow. The algae began to grow first, followed by the other forms of life; several hundred specimens have been reared. The flesh of the Ice Age mammoth carcasses found in this region in Siberia is edible and in good condition. The leaves in the stomachs are so well-preserved that botanists can easily identify them.

A “KEY” has been found which will make transcription of ancient Greek shorthand possible. A papyrus giving many of the shorthand signs and the equivalent words in ordinary Greek characters has been found in the British Museum.

BALLOTS of old elections have been unearthed in Athens. The ballots used were scraps of broken clay dishes and were usually not to put men in power but to keep them out. “One vote against Aristides!”

TERMITES, the ant relatives who ruin much timber by eating out the inside without any change in the surface, have been found in every state in the Union.

ONE out of five will die of some form of heart disease.

ANIMALS disinfect their wounds by constant licking. Bacteria when added to the saliva of animals fail to thrive.

PACIFIST bees that use their stings only under extreme provocation have been produced by special breeding.

LIP cancer is caused, about ninety per cent, by smoking, especially from a pipe.

MOVING MOUNTAINS

By WALTER L. BAILEY



CONCLUSION

CHAPTER SIX—PLUNGING EVER SOUTHWARD

MORNING came suddenly to Bob. He sat up on his bed of boxes and gazed about dazedly. He unwound the blankets from his body, moved to the cave's entrance, and pulled back the blanket. Icy air struck his face.

Without, all was still. The storm had blown over and the sun was again trying to pierce the haze which still wrapped the Arctic. The ocean had frozen over again with new ice while they slept. Huge piles of old ice could be seen everywhere, stacked where the gale had hurled it.

Bob turned to wake his companions, but found them already climbing out of their blankets. Without much talk, they ate, made crude sleds out of provision boxes, and, loaded to capacity, started southward along the ocean floor, dragging the heavy sleds behind them in silence.

For hour after endless hour they labored on—southward, ever southward across the ice. More than once old Spike, who was in the lead, was forced to shift provisions from Dan's sled to his own to lighten the youth's load. But even then Dan lagged. His strength was not equal to this strain.

Bob, bringing up the rear, was continually kicking the back of his pal's lagging sled. He noticed that

old Spike's face wore a deep troubled look, but the old engineer maintained his usual silence.

Once or twice, without stopping the procession, Bob reached forward and lifted a box from Dan's sled and placed it on his own. He noticed a decided increase in Dan's pace. But now his own load dragged sorely on his already overtaxed muscles. He pulled on and on, however—forward, ever forward across the icy ocean floor. Bob's legs began to ache, his breath became short, quick gasps, still he kept on and on, until his very brain seemed numbed.

Then suddenly he saw the form of old Spike stagger ever so slightly. A creepy chill passed through Bob's body. What if old Spike played out? What would become of them? He was the only one who could lead them out of this!

Bob watched closely as they trudged on. Again old Spike wavered, this time more pronounced. But he straightened up again and moved slowly on, only to come to an entire halt before he had taken a dozen steps more. Bob saw the veteran engineer stagger until he almost fell, then he slowly disentangled himself from his sled-ropes and without a word to either boy, moved forward toward a ridge of ice several dozen feet ahead. The ridge rose eight or ten feet above the ocean's floor.

With grave misgivings and too

THEN SUDDENLY HE SAW THE FORM OF OLD SPIKE STAGGER EVER SO SLIGHTLY. A CREEPY CHILL PASSED THROUGH BOB'S BODY. WHAT IF OLD SPIKE PLAYED OUT?

weary himself to follow, Bob watched the engineer's form climb slowly to the top of the ridge. He saw Dan drop to his sled and sit humped in silent exhaustion. The cold was terrible. Bob shivered. He saw old Spike drag himself to a leaning position on top of the ridge and scan the ocean floor on the opposite side. But Bob knew what he was seeing—ice, ice, endless stretches of dead-white ice. Miles and miles of it, and they were already exhausted. Again Bob shivered, not so much from cold as from the grim realization that nothing lay ahead of them but ice, with final starvation and death. They were not equipped to fight their way across this icy world. He sank wearily to his sled.

His tired eyes rested on the back of Dan's humped figure seated on the sled directly ahead of him. It seemed funny that Dan had nothing to say. It was not like Dan to sit in silence. But then Bob realized that he himself had nothing to say. Somehow he preferred to sit in silence—a silence corresponding to the stillness of the desolate drab scene about him. The dull, hazy sky was bleak, still. Not even a breeze stirred over the endless stretches of dead-gray ice.

THE FIGURE of old Spike could be seen sprawled on the ridge.
(Concluded on page 515)



On the Book Rack

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DEALING WITH PEOPLE

(Wendell White, Macmillan Company, San Francisco, 1936.)

WENDELL WHITE, assistant professor in psychology at the University of Minnesota, states "Successful living necessitates ability to deal with people." He feels that psychology offers practical methods and techniques which will make us "more effective in our human relationships."

The Psychology of Dealing With People is so full of workable suggestions it should be kept available for ready and frequent reference. The illustrations used show the effectiveness of language in making an appeal to the best in those with whom we associate.—M. C. J.

HOBBIES FOR EVERYBODY

(Edited by Ruth Lampland, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1934.)

A THOROUGHLY delightful collection of hobbies of noted people, this book will act as a stimulus for each one of us to get a hobby at once. What is a hobby to one person becomes a vocation for someone else. Consequently, "a hobby is not merely a way of using leisure. It is a vital, necessary outlet of self-expression." Miss Lampland has done a completely capable piece of work in her symposium. Such learned hobbies as astronomy and art collecting share with the more "earth earthy" ones of hunting and the cooking of beans, which is the hobby of no less a person than the writer, Don Marquis. With new hobbies, chosen after a reading of this book, we should be able to make life more of an adventure.—M. C. J.

LEISURE AND RECREATION

(Martin H. Neumeyer and Esther S. Neumeyer, A. S. Barnes and Company, New York, 1936.)

RECREATIONAL teachers everywhere will find *Leisure and Recreation* helpful since an historical approach is given as well as the reaction of leisure activities upon personality. Dr. Neumeyer is associate professor of sociology at the University of Southern California.

An analysis of the three kinds of recreation is worth knowing. The study of the dance-hall situation and the moving pictures as commercial entertainments intensifies our concern over these amusements. One feature of great importance is the section dealing with recreation in lands other than the United States. A wise leader will do well to read this book carefully in making plans for the activities of himself and his group.—M. C. J.

SUMMER time is one of relaxation for many who have been overly active during the winter months. Schools dismiss; businesses offer vacations to employees; winter routine changes. With the relaxation may come a "let down" in the kinds of activity followed for recreation. The book rack is crowded with works which will aid you in spending your days and evenings wisely.

Make your recreation count for something in the way of adding to your physical and mental alertness and awareness of life. Don't merely kill time—work it to death!



THE RETURN

By Ivy Williams Stone

HER CHILDREN took her East in mighty plane,
Believing she'd rejoice to view again
The miles on miles where eighty years ago
Her bare feet paced the oxen, plodding slow.

She did not sense the wonder of the ship
Nor realize the swiftness of the trip;
For backward through the vista of the years
She lived anew the trails of Pioneers.

She did not see the mountain tops below
Nor conquered plains, with verdant crops aglow;

Her eyes saw naught but sage by desert trail

Her ears heard naught but lean coyote's wail.

Again she felt the scorching desert sands—
Again she feared the prowling, warrior bands;

Again she watched the bison wildly stamp;
Again she joined the prayers of evening camp!

To her, the clouds below were but a wraith.
She lived within the past, sustained by faith.
With placid brow and folded hands she smiled

And walked the plains again—a little child!

SPORTS FOR RECREATION

(Written by the Staff of the Intramural Sports Departments of the University of Michigan, A. S. Barnes and Company, New York, 1936.)

THIS BOOK will prove stimulating reading since it deals with practically every game and activity known. In the introduction, Mr. Yost states: "Sport is life supreme . . . *Sports for Recreation* would be a misnomer if 'recreation' is narrowly inferred as simply the use of spare time. But sports are also for health, for development, for joy of effort, for satisfaction in achievement, and for sociability with one's fellows." And there you have an answer for a definition of recreation.—M. C. J.

YOUTH'S WORK IN THE NEW WORLD
(T. Otto Nall, Association Press, New York, 1936.)

THIS SYMPOSIUM dealing with the various kinds of work to be found in the world today comes with invigorating directness from the people who have been successful in the fields which they treat. Dr. William J. Mayo, world-famed surgeon, gives his reaction to the opportunities which lie in the field of medicine.

Dr. William S. Sadler, eminent psychiatrist and physician, offers suggestions which we should all do well to follow to better our living. To include all of the names of those who have written articles would be like reading the roster of the hall of fame. The book will prove stimulating to older people and helpful to younger readers.—M. C. J.

THE HOME IN A CHANGING CULTURE
(Grace Sloan Overton, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 1935.)

THE BOOK is a fairly accurate resume of the changes in the home from colonial times to the present. Wisely Mrs. Overton points out the need for mothers everywhere to recognize these changes but to cling to that in the old which has proved of worth. She stresses the need for a family hour. This sounds like an echo of the plea made by many of our Church leaders for a home evening when interests and ideals can be cemented for the greater happiness of all.—M. C. J.

HOME EVENING HANDBOOK
(Claude Richards, Deseret Book Company, 1936.)

DURING the summer months especially, parents will be repaid for having read and followed some of the advice presented in this syllabus.

—M. C. J.

Homing



CONDUCTED BY MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

CLOSE-OF-DAY shadows find their way through the glass of tall French doors to touch lightly a table set for four. A burnished copper bowl filled with old-fashioned marigolds; plates of purplish blue china and goblets of rich amber glass . . . rest with quiet dignity on a cloth of rich linen the shade of yellow sunflowers.

... "rich linen the shade of yellow sunflowers."

We who have lived in this modern century and can remember not so long ago when only white linen was used for the candle-lit hour, exclaim with pride that this is positively the *new* in table-setting fashion.

But to follow back over the centuries, we find that linen and color went hand in hand together. While we have no definite proof that color was combined in the table linens, it seems to have found its way into wherever the material from the pretty flax plant was used. The Phoenicians, a people dwelling by the shores of the Red Sea were famed as the manufacturers of a highly valuable dye which produced the celebrated "purple" for their linens. Early in the book of Genesis we find highly colored linen robing the royal princes of Egypt . . . and considerable quantities of it are actually preserved for us in Egyptian tombs. "Purple and fine Linen" in Biblical days denoted luxury and beauty.

... so when you display a rich, heavy linen damask cloth with a border scroll of royal blue; a cloth of mauve-pink, or pale orchid, you might wonder if you are not repeating the moonlit colorings used by an Egyptian Princess in her table setting of—centuries ago.

SOMETIMES we busy mothers of families become careless about our looks and realize later that we have lost "what it takes" to make us attractive. Of course, the real business of mothers is to care for families, but—and this *but* is an important one—there is no excuse for not taking time to get clothes which best suit each of us. Sometimes we merely make or buy something be-

cause it serves the purpose. *Good Taste in Dress* by Freida Weigland McFarland, published by the Manual Arts Press for \$1.00 will offer valuable suggestions on how to dress to enhance our good points and to detract from our bad ones. The chapter on "Fooling the Eye" is particularly good in the study of what lines to look for in choosing clothes.

The book does more, however, than deal with the choosing of clothes. It also discusses hair dress, accessories, as well as the matter of color, fabrics, care, and repair of clothing. Mothers will find it a good book to leave around for their teenage daughters to read also.

OLDER mothers tell us that when children are little they break our backs and when they grow older they break our hearts. If we are wise enough neither of these extremes needs to be true. We should encourage each member of the family while young to help in the upkeep of the home—this will save mother's back. We should make more of family unity when children are young—this will later save mother's heart. Special occasions need to be held when each member of the family is made to feel his worth by the rest of the group. This desire for a feeling of personal worth, Mr. White tells us in his book, *The Psychology of Dealing With People* (see the Book Rack), is universal and will if recognized and wisely used react beneficially.

HOLIDAY time! In planning canyon trips lasting more than one day, we mothers should slip into our equipment several books to be read during the hottest hours when

rest is advisable and sleep is probably impossible.

In planning these trips too, let us be sure that we have given ourselves enough time so that we may drive cautiously. Moreover we should not plan so long a trip or linger so long in one place that we must drive all day and night in order to reach home. The specter of the roads is watching for just this kind of all night driver who gets sleepy.

A GOOD home offers comfort to its inmates. It is a haven of peace to which we may go to gain courage to face the responsibilities which await us in the workaday world. The home should also offer inspiration and courage for us to become better participants in the everyday world of affairs. The home should have the kind of hand that pushes while it pats.

Of course, in these very hottest of hot days, for comfort wise mothers will prepare cool desserts which will thwart the thermometer. Why not surprise the family with the following recipe?

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

½ cup ground chocolate	4 tablespoons white corn syrup
2 cups cold water	2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons minute tapioca	2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt	1 cup cream
½ cup sugar	whipped
2 teaspoons vanilla	

Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Add minute tapioca and cook 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear and mixture thickened, stirring frequently. Strain hot mixture, stirring (not rubbing) through very fine sieve onto salt, ½ cup sugar and corn syrup. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Cool. Add 2 tablespoons sugar to egg whites and beat until stiff. Fold into cold tapioca mixture. Fold in whipped cream and vanilla. Turn into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze as rapidly as possible—3 to 4 hours usually required. Makes 1 quart of ice cream.



Melchisedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE
QUORUM OF THE TWELVE

THE NEW PLAN OF MISSIONARY WORK IN THE STAKES OF ZION

FOR a number of years past some of the leading stakes of Zion have been conducting a missionary system within the borders of the stakes. This system was under the sole direction of the presidents of the stakes who appointed mission presidents and other officers to give service among the non-members of the Church. Great good has been accomplished by this missionary work, and many new members have been added to the Church from among the "strangers within our gates," who would, perchance, have paid no attention to the message of the Gospel had not some missionary, appointed and directed to do so, carried the message to their doors. In some instances the percentage of converts per missionary in the stakes has surpassed the same percentage in mission fields abroad.

In more recent years the matter of carrying the message of salvation to those living within the borders of the stakes has been a matter of deep concern to the General Authorities of the Church. The Lord has placed the burden of proselyting and proclaiming the Gospel to the world, upon the shoulders of the Seventies, under the direction of the Twelve Apostles. In former times this work of the Seventies was confined strictly to foreign mission fields, but we have in the Church a great army of Seventies who cannot go abroad for various reasons, and, therefore, if the work required of the Seventies is confined to the preaching of the Gospel abroad, there will be many men ordained to this important office who will never have the opportunity of magnifying the calling of a Seventy.

In the consideration of these matters, the authorities felt that the Seventies who are living within the stakes and who cannot fill foreign missions, can, nevertheless, magnify the office and Priesthood which they hold, by engaging in missionary work among the people living within the borders of Zion. It was, therefore, decided that a change should be made in the missionary system as it was conducted locally in the stakes, and that the Seventies should be called, in preference to any others, to be the missionaries in the stake missionary work. While the rule to choose Seventies was not to be drawn so tight that no one but a Seventy could labor in the local field, yet the burden of this work was to be placed upon them. The new order permits of the calling of some High Priests and some sister mis-

sionaries to augment the work as necessity and wisdom may require.

According to this plan a mission is to be organized in each stake of Zion, and the general supervision given to the First Council of the Seventy. The First Council will operate directly through the presidents of stakes, and mission presidents, preferably Seventies, will be chosen to preside in these stake missions. The missions are to be divided into districts, with district presidents, and the work is to be conducted in all particulars in a manner comparable to the work in the foreign mission fields.

Since the announcement was made and the plan approved, the First Council of the Seventy have been busy organizing missions, appointing mission presidents and getting the work started in the several stakes. It will, of course, take some time to complete these arrangements in all of the one hundred and seventeen stakes of Zion.

It should be the chief desire of every man holding the office of a Seventy to magnify his calling as a missionary for the Church. The great responsibility of warning all men of the wrath to come, and of crying repentance and teaching the principles of the Gospel, is placed upon the Church. For centuries men were groping in spiritual darkness, unable to find the truth, for it had been taken from the earth. There was no one to officiate for them in the ordinances of the Gospel or to grant them by authority a remission of their sins. When the restoration came men clothed with this authority were sent forth into all the world instructed to cry repentance and bring men unto Christ. This is the great responsibility which the Lord has placed upon the Church, and more directly upon the Seventies in the Church.

The Savior said to His disciples shortly before His crucifixion, when they came to Him seeking to know something of the signs of His second coming: "And again," that is to say, once more, "this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come, or the destruction of the wicked."

This preaching of the Gospel as a witness for Christ, the second time, or in the dispensation of the Fulness of Times, is the responsibility of the Church. That the Lord will pour out His judgments and that His wrath will be kindled against the rebellious is a fact well attested in the Holy Scriptures. But before that day shall come, the people are to have the opportunity of escape from their sins and from the

plagues in the world which are increasing rapidly. It is the duty of the Seventies to carry this message and speak in power and authority to a perverse world. How can a man holding the office of a Seventy, magnify that calling unless he engages in the great missionary work?

It is verily true that a soul within the borders of the stakes of Zion is just as precious in the sight of the Lord as is one at one of the corners of the earth. It is firmly believed by many that the Lord has drawn some choice spirits to make their homes among the Latter-day Saints for the purpose of drawing them within the influences of the spirit of the Gospel. They have been led here not only to hear the truth, but to see it lived! It has been well said that we teach more effectually by example than by precept. It is the obligation of each member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints so to live that these people will see our good works and profit thereby.

Each member of the Church owes it to the Church as well as to the circle in which he moves, and to as many as far as his influence extends, to live the Gospel by example so that he may speak by acts more than by words among his fellows. Every member of the Church who disregards the commandments, rules and regulations by which the Church is governed, becomes, to the extent of his violation, a liability and not an asset. If our lives have been of the nature of a liability, we shall not escape the just judgment. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," said our Savior in the Sermon on the Mount.

There can be no question of the fact that many honest souls have been blinded by the disobedience and lack of sincerity shown on the part of some who profess membership in the Church. All such blinded souls will have an accusation to make against those who blinded them, when the great day of reckoning comes. Therefore an appeal is here made to all the membership of the Church: Let us one and all lend our help in the great work of redemption and salvation of the souls of men, both in the missions abroad and also in the missions established in the stakes of Zion, by faithful adherence to every principle of the Gospel and by proper regard and reverence for all things sacred. Let us be what we profess to be, Latter-day Saints in the truest sense of that word.—Joseph Fielding Smith, Chairman, Melchizedek Priesthood Committee.

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

YOUTH OF CHURCH ISSUES A CHALLENGE TO SABBATH DAY OBSERVANCE

(The addresses on this page were delivered as part of the Aaronic Priesthood Assembly in the Tabernacle, Sunday, June 28, 1936.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN 1936

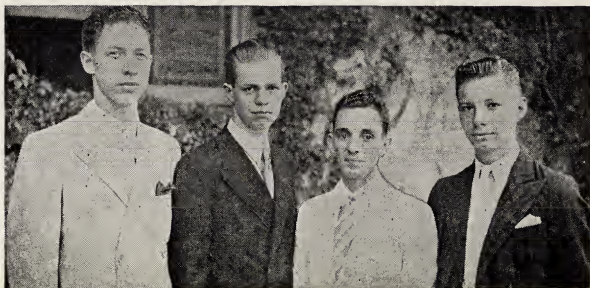
By *Rhein Jones*
(Ensign Stake)

IN an old, old book that is still rather widely read, we find an account of how, when the Lord had led his chosen people, Israel, out of bondage, through the desert and into the wilderness of Sinai, he revealed unto them, through their inspired leader, Moses, Ten Commandments representing a divine moral order and a key to saner living. As Moses was coming down from the Mount with the tablets containing the Ten Commandments, we are told, he heard music and singing and saw the children of Israel, forgetful of their God, forgetful of his goodness to them, their sense of values distorted, dancing madly about a golden calf.

If we turn rapidly the pages of history, we find that in the signing of the Armistice closing the great World War, God in his goodness had again delivered the nations of the world from the throes of another savage foe. Following the war, we find that the people of the world and of America in particular began dancing around the golden calf of the almighty dollar, and singing madly the tune of "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die."

And as the children of Israel in the days of their wanderings needed the divine code of the Ten Commandments, so today we must realize that no basic code was ever more unique or complete in forming the background for the actions that will lead us to a more successful and abundant life. We must come to understand that the observance of these divine laws today, leads to an aggressive mode of life, by which you and I as individuals become the masters of our environment and not its complacent victims.

My friends, do not get the idea that the Ten Commandments have become antiquated or that we have outgrown them. The Decalogue was older than Moses, and it continued after Moses had passed away. The Lord has reiterated these commandments through modern day revelation, and in the Doctrine and Covenants (42nd to 59th sections) we are commanded to keep



SPEAKERS AT AARONIC PRIESTHOOD ASSEMBLY
Jean McDonough, Edwin Erickson, Spencer Cowan, Rhein Jones.

Editor's Note: Addresses delivered by Spencer Cowan and Edwin Erickson will appear in the September Era.

them sacred and holy. Contrary to the opinion of many, the Ten Commandments are not today obsolete, and there will never come a time, no, not even during the Millennium, or through all eternity, when the Decalogue shall ever cease to be in force as the guiding star of relationship.

In the world today, in spite of great advances in the physical sciences and social sciences, in spite of all our modern miracles, there is little evidence that people as individuals are happier, that governments or political bodies are wiser, that families are more united, or that nations are less likely to go to war. Indeed we see all around us much evidence to the contrary in the feverish pursuit of a short cut to a more abundant life.

What is there in the world today that the Ten Commandments will help us to achieve? World Peace!

So called Christian nations are turning their cannons upon defenseless peoples. The people of all the world are being depressed by leaders who deprive and destroy and will not hearken to the words of God.

What is there to achieve? The elimination of crime. The elimination of poverty. Today greed, avarice, and deceit are choking out the seeds of

civilization because men refuse to hearken to the words of a wise and loving God. Oh, the sorrow and the misery that stalk the land because men today have closed their hearts against the counsels of God. If the peoples and nations of the world would only realize the truth and practicability of the Ten Commandments today, how lovely and serenely beautiful the world would become. Greed and avarice would be unknown, godliness would rule in our hearts, humility and reverence would fill our homes, love, virtue, and chastity would characterize our actions, justice would rule our land, and peace and happiness would clothe the world forever in warmth and beauty.

It is up to us, young men in the Church of God, to put the Ten Commandments into practice in our lives and demonstrate that they actually do work today, and that they are still the vitalizing force guiding us on to a saner living.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD AND THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

By *Jean McDonough*
(Granite Stake)

AND that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world thou shalt go to the house of Prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day. For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors and pay devotions unto the Most High."

Such was the revelation given to Joseph Smith in 1831. And in 1936, that command holds just as forceful a message as it did a century ago. It was given for a purpose not merely to be placed in a book and forgotten. It was given to you and me as a plan by which we might make this life's experience reach a higher level.

Life in this twentieth century is traveling on wings of lightning. New inventions, modern luxuries make each twenty-four hours pass as a moment. The whole problem lies in the fact that we are trying to crowd a lifetime of recreation into a few short hours. And as a result Sunday has become the day in which the world in general is trying to catch up on the recreation it has missed during the week.

I often wonder if a survey were made of the question: "What does the Sabbath mean to me?" how many could truthfully say: "A Day of Rest and Worship."

Or how many would have to answer: "A day in which I may improve my golf game," or: "A day in which I can clean up the car."

The question is vital! It is more than that! It is a command of God. Surely the Father of us all is understanding. He didn't give us such a commandment as a stumbling stone in our way of progression. It was given as a guide post in our progression ever upward. We were placed here for a purpose and that purpose was the taking on of human bodies as an experiment that will determine our future existence. It was God and God alone who gave us the privilege of living and that life is very dear to us. And the Lord has asked for just one day in seven in which we may show our appreciation to him for life and all it holds. It seems such a small request. Merely the setting aside of worldly goods and turning our thoughts to the Most High.

Our Sunday Schools, fast meetings, Sacrament meetings and different auxiliary organizations help us to divert our thoughts from the shallowness of daily routine life. However, the Sabbath Day means a great deal more than simply "going to Church." Our meetings are given as a means by which we may come in closer communion with God. How many consider them a duty; something we have to do? How much more pleased the Lord would be with the man who in his heart thanked God and gave praise to him regardless of how humble his place of worship.

"Keep the Sabbath Day Holy." The appeal reaches out to us as Latter-day Saints. But we must do more than just talk about it. We must do something about it before we are caught in the turmoil and swiftness of this era. We should be thankful

to God that ours is the privilege of holding the Aaronic Priesthood in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; of realizing its teaching about what the Sabbath really means. The problem therefore is ours. How shall we meet it? We must strike at the source that is making the Sabbath a day of play. All who are fostering places of recreation must be made to realize that everything they have and are they owe to a far greater power than man. If it were a matter of money they would probably remedy the matter right away. But we must make them realize that money means nothing when we talk in terms of God's commandments. It has been said: "It is certain that a community which ignores the Sabbath and the services of the Lord's house will become Pagan and sink to a low level of morality." You ask: "How are we to convince them?" Let us prove the truth to them by the lives we live. We cannot say, "Do as I say—not as I do." We must show them the way inasmuch as we have already been given to understand the truth.

One day in seven! If we would but cleanse our souls and reach nearer to God in our hearts it could not help but radiate our daily living—and therein lies our mission in this life, the living nearer to God. "Man is as God once was and as God is man may

become." He has shown us the way! He has set forth the Law! "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. But the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD AT SACRAMENT SERVICE

WHEN young men are ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood they should be taught immediately that they are now officers of the Church with special responsibilities for the Sacrament Meeting. Every member of the Aaronic Priesthood should consider it his duty to attend Sacrament Meeting whether or not he has a special assignment. This should be stressed in all Aaronic Priesthood Quorums.

It should also be stressed that Priests, Teachers and Deacons who participate in a Sacrament service should never leave the services after the administration of the Sacrament. It is a mark of serious disrespect to have members of the Priesthood rise in a body after Sacrament service and leave the building. Reverence and proper regard for Sacrament service would seem to dictate that those who participate in Sacrament particularly should remain in the Sacrament meeting. If it is desired that those officiating should remove to other seats it should be done quietly.

THE WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

A Monthly Presentation of Pertinent Information Regarding the Lord's Law of Health

TOBACCO IS ENEMY OF ATHLETE

IN 1925 the tobacco interests of the United States set a quota of 1,000 cigarettes to be smoked each year for every man, woman, and child in the United States. At that time the consumption of cigarettes was approximately 82 billion. The quota was amended to raise that total to 120 billion. Today in excess of 120 billion cigarettes are smoked in America each year. The reference in the Word of Wisdom to "Evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days" is clearly justified by the campaign which has been waged particularly since 1925 to induce men, women, and children to become cigarette smokers. From the publication called "The Youth's Instructor" some quotations of general interest are taken. A striking testimonial of the value of the teachings of the Word of Wisdom against tobacco comes from Grantland Rice, nationally known sports writer and recognized authority on athletics and sports. Mr. Rice says:

For eighteen years I have been covering all forms of sports for newspapers. Smoking by the young brings a double burden to carry—a burden both physical and mental. Those who do not smoke but keep in clean training have far more energy, much greater stamina, much better control of their nerves. Under twenty-five years of age they are developing mentally and physically, and if this development is hampered by smoking, the loss can be hardly made up later on. Smoking cuts in vitally on nervous energy and vitality. A cigarette smoker would have little chance in red-blooded competition against a non-smoker.

One of America's most famous football coaches, who has now retired after 30 years as head coach at the University of Michigan, made this comment while he was still at Michigan in paying compliment to four of his players:

I have four All-American stars helping me at Michigan. Not one of these has ever taken a drink, ever smoked, ever used profanity, or told a dirty story. Are they effeminate? The four of them can handle thirty of the other type without straining a muscle. They are men of the highest order, and their influence will extend far beyond the athletic field.



Ward Teaching



CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

Ward Teachers' Message for September, 1936

HONESTY

"HONESTY is that quality in man that shows him fair and truthful in speech, above cheating, stealing, misrepresentation, or any other fraudulent action. Honor adds to honesty a sturdy and splendid devotion to such standards of right, fidelity, courage, and conduct as society has crystalized throughout the centuries."—*Winston Dictionary*.

"It is true that honesty is the best policy; but if that be the motive of honest dealing, there is no real honesty."—*Strong*.

"The basis of high thinking is perfect honesty."—*Homerton*.

"The man who is honest in his dealings with his fellow-man has a subsidy which money cannot buy."—*Hunter*.

From "The Power of Truth," by William George Jordan, hundreds of copies of which President Heber J. Grant has given to his friends, the following thoughts are taken for the Teacher's Message this month:

"Truth is the rock foundation of every great character."

"Lying is one of the oldest vices in the world—it made its debut in the first recorded conversation in history."

"Lying is the sacrifice of honor to create a wrong impression."

"Truth is the oldest of all virtues."

"The man who makes truth his watchword is careful in his words. He never states as a fact that of which he is not sure. What he says has the ring of sincerity."

"The man who lies to save a nickel merely proclaims that he esteems a nickel more than he does his honor."

"He who sacrifices his ideals, truth, and character, for mere money or position, is weighing his conscience in one pan of a scale against a bag of gold in the other."

"The tradesman who lies, cheats, misleads, and overcharges and then seeks to square himself with his anaemic conscience by saying 'lying is absolutely necessary in business' is as untrue in his statements as he is in his acts."

"The politician who is vacillating, temporizing, shifting, is a trickster who succeeds only until he is found out."

"The man who forgets his promises is untrue."

The world today needs truth and honesty above all else. Honesty is a part of the religion of the true Latter-day Saint. He is honest with himself, with his fellowman and with the Lord. No true Latter-day Saint can be less.

course, truthfulness and straightforwardness.

"It is expected of every one of us who is engaged in Church work, whether as members or as officers of the Church, that we shall exemplify in our lives the principle of honesty just as we do every other cardinal virtue, and every other principle of the Gospel. Thereby the Church will grow and thereby the faith and confidence of the people will be increased."

"Upon every one of us rests that obligation to endeavor to be fair, just, honest, straightforward, and respectful of mutual rights in our association with our fellow men. If we take advantage of others by fraud, we are just as guilty as one who steals. If we are employees, it is our place to give full, true service for the compensation we receive; if we are employers, to deal justly and fairly with our employees; if we have the handling of trust funds or funds belonging to others, that we manage them strictly and carefully, with a full sense of our responsibilities, and not for a moment touch one cent for our own purposes."

"Just as we should undertake to be true to ourselves and in our relations with our fellow-men, so we should be determined to be honest with the Lord. If we have faith in Him and in the divinity of this work, we shall endeavor to be true to every principle and seek to practice every virtue which will help us to improve in right living. If we recognize our stewardship here upon the earth, we shall strive to be honest in our donations for the advancement of God's purposes. I believe that any man or woman who is a faithful tithepayer, who lives in accordance with the spirit of that principle, will be honest in his or her dealings with his fellow man. I know it has been said by a banker here—not a member of our Church—that he was willing to trust a faithful tithepayer. I am sure that viewpoint is correct. Rarely, if ever can you find one who is faithful in the spirit and practice of that principle who would act dishonestly or unfairly, so far as his understanding goes, with regard to other things."

"The Apostle Paul says: 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'

THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD AND HONESTY

PRESIDING Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon, President of the Aaronic Priesthood in all the Church, gave this advice to members of the Church at a recent General Conference:

"The last Article of our Faith refers largely to the cardinal virtues, which are just as much a part of the Gospel and a part of our lives as any principle. 'We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men,' and so forth. This tenet expresses the importance of practicing these fundamental virtues. Honesty lies at the very foundation of our individual and community life, our civilization, our organizations of government, and the membership of the Church. If we live the Gospel we can not be anything but honest; if we are good citizens of this nation we can not properly be anything but hon-

est. If honesty is lacking in the government, then it will gradually disintegrate. If graft, racketeering, if other dishonest practices prevail, then there is bound to be lack of confidence, and there will develop an increasing attitude of disrespect for law and for those who are called to administer the laws.

"We are entitled to expect from every officer of the government that he be honest in his dealings; and when he has the direction of employees of the government, that he shall require honesty and honest service from them; and that in the handling of funds there shall be strict honesty, and great care and accuracy maintained. Honesty is a disposition to conform to justice and honorable dealing, especially in regard to the rights of property. Likewise, it involves a determination to conform to justice and fair dealing in all our relations one with another. We can apply honesty to our actions as well as to our words. That is, of



TRY AND GET IT!

BY
ELDRED
JOHNSTONE



YOUNG Harry Olgin, traveling salesman, casually abstracted a package of nut meats from the box on the counter. "Take all you can get, always!" he argued. "Everybody's waiting for a chance to grab what you've got."

"Think so?" The elderly proprietor, Aaron Peck, sat with his tilted chair just inside the open doorway beyond the spatter of heavy raindrops. "Don't you figure that a fellow gets back jest about the same treatment as he gives other folks?"

"Nothing to that old stuff, Peck, and if you lived in the city like I do, you'd see that nobody with any brains would ever think so, either. Squeeze them while the squeezing's good is plain common-sense these days."

Peck appeared to be meditating. "Mebbe," he said after a while. "But what about yourself, Olgin? 'Spose some feller's in a position to crowd you to the wall, d'you 'spect him to git all he can outa you? You want to be treated that way, hey?"

"Who? Me?" Olgin guffawed. "Say, anyone who can get anything out of me is welcome! Boy! He'll earn it! Try and get it! That's my slogan. He'd be crazy if he didn't get all he could when the getting was good. Well, Peck, if I can't sell you any more stuff, I'll be going."

He drove off in the heavy summer downpour, leaving Peck thoughtfully chewing a toothpick.

MERTON ALLEN drove up in his mud-splashed old car. His thin face drooped even more than usual. "Hey, Aaron!" he called. "You seen that salesman, Olgin, lately?"

"Jest left here 'bout half an hour ago, Mert. What's up?"

"He's been owin' me twelve dollars ever since last spring when I hauled a lot of stuff for him. Jest can't git it out of him. Need the money right now to git some asphalt. My roof leaks like all git out."

"Did you send him a bill, Mert?"

"Sure, an' I've stopped him five or six times on the road when I've been dead sure he had the money on him, but he jest laughs at me. Says, 'Try an' git it!' as if 'twas some kinda joke."

"We-ell, I'll tackle him 'bout it, Mert, next time I see him."

"Wish you could git it, Aaron. He owes Mis' Millis two dollars she'll never git."

"Old Mis' Millis? How come?"

"Stayed there one night an' had her cook him supper an' breakfast. She needs the money, too, but he jest tells her the same thing. 'Try an' git it!' says he."

THE STORE telephone jingled. Peck reached for a pencil and his order pad before lifting the receiver. "Lo! Who d'you say? Olgin? That so? You don't say! Ye-es, you'll have to have a team to git you out, but I don't know as anybody'll want to take his horses out on a day like this."

Peck covered the mouthpiece with a gnarled hand and spoke rapidly to Mert. "It's young Olgin. His car

skidded on Lummel's bridge and jumped through the rail. It's sittin' right side up, in a mud bank. Says the mud was up to his knees when he waded out to telephone. Wants to be hauled out."

"Not by me," declined Mert. "Be mighty glad if he'd pay for it, but I'm mighty tired a being laughed at when I want my money. He kin stay there forever's far as I'm concerned."

Muffled sounds issued from the telephone.

"Wait a minute," counseled Peck.

"There ain't nobody else this side of the creek that's near enough to help him, so we gotta help him, pay or no pay. Can't leave a human bein' out there in this weather, but I'm figurin' that mebbe he's been delivered into our hands. You'd git him out if you got your twelve dollars an' your pay for this job, cash in advance, wouldn't you?"

"Sure, but as Olgin says, 'Try an' git it!'"

"That's jest what I'm a goin' to do," Peck turned to the telephone.

"Hey, Olgin, stop that hollerin'! I was tryin' to see if I could git anybody. Don't know's I kin. This ain't no day to git a team out in that mud. Takes a lot to clean them up. Any quicksand down there?"

OLGIN'S shout could be heard across the room. "Quicksand! Can't you get help quickly, Peck? Peck, you can't leave me here like this! Get someone quick, will you, Peck?"

"We-ell, git off the 'phone, Olgin. an' I'll see what I kin do." Peck replaced the receiver. "Won't do."

TRY AND GET IT

him no hurt to stew and think a bit. Now, Mert, I know he's got money on him, so if you'll git your work team an' leave the arguin' to me, I'll follow his own advice an' I guess we'll git our money fer once."

"Wouldn't do it, only you say so, Aaron," Mert declared as he drove away.

In spite of Olgin's frequent and frantic telephone calls, Peck found time to do a little calculating before Mert returned with his work team. Calling Mrs. Peck to "tend the store," Peck drove with Mert to the creek bank where they found Olgin, pasty-faced, mud-covered, and rain-soaked. "She's sinking every minute, you dumb farmers," he yelled hoarsely. "Get busy, will you?"

"We'll, we can git her out easy enough," Peck returned without moving from the seat of the wagon. "But kin you pay for it?"

"I'll give you ten dollars. That's top price."

"Not on a day like this. D'you ever rub down a couple of horses an clean harness? It's going to cost you jest—"he glanced at a slip of paper in his hand, "jest thirty dol-

lars an' eighty-seven cents in advance an' in cash."

Olgin stared. "Thirty dollars and eighty-seven cents?" he repeated incredulously. "You've gone crazy, Peck. I'll give you ten dollars. Get busy, will you?"

Peck shook his gray head slowly. "Hand over the cash or we turn around."

Olgin raged. "Out to skin me, are you? Try and get it! Try—"

"Wait a minute, Olgin. That thirty dollars and eighty-seven cents includes fifteen dollars for this job, an' that's dirt cheap; then there's twelve dollars that you owe Mert for haulin'; there's two dollars you owe old Mis' Millis; a dollar and two cents you owe me for pears, peanuts, and candy, and one long distance telephone call that you keep forgettin' to pay for. An' don't forget, Olgin, that I'm jest handin' you your own prescription."

Olgin's rage made him incoherent. He fairly danced up and down on the muddy bank, waving his arms wildly. When he stopped for breath, Peck said loudly, "'S no use, Mert. Turn around an' let's go home."

MERT clucked at his horses and turned them about. "G'bye, Olgin," Peck called. "Too bad to lose a nice car like that."

Olgin watched them in stark disbelief. Then as the team jogged slowly away, he stumbled after it. "Hey, Peck! You win. I'll pay you, but—"

"Hand over the cash," interrupted Peck as Olgin came up. The young man's fingers trembled as he counted out the required sum and handed it to Peck, who gave him the itemized, receipted bill he had prepared.

"Now, young feller," Peck began mildly as Mert waded out with the tow chain, "Y'know well enough I never did business this way before. But maybe you see now that you got to do the kind an' decent thing to the other feller an' expect the same treatment from him, or else you kin set out to get all you can outa him an' take your chances of bein' squeezed in return. You picked the method you wanted," he finished, as he pushed the cash deep into his pocket, "an' we're jest carryin' it out to its natural conclusion."

JUDGE HENRY H. ROLAPP

(Concluded from page 480)

although he became reconciled to his son's having joined the Church, died before his own conversion was accomplished.

Henry did the work for his father in the Salt Lake Temple. With this event Brother Rolapp's interest in genealogical work began. In 1924 he completed a record of the Rolapp family and their intermarried branches, containing almost three hundred names, beginning with a male ancestor born in 1697. It is interesting to note that with the exception of the Utah family no other families by the name of Rolapp have been traced in the United States.

He laid the foundation for establishing his own home when in 1885 he married Martha Horrocks. During all of his efforts toward achievement, he stood loyally by his side with devoted helpfulness and quiet efficiency. Theirs was a beautiful companionship. The dedication of his book, *Gospel Quotations*, to her, who knew him best and loved him most, reveals his appreciation for the one who became most precious

in his life. There was mutual devotion between him and his children, a relationship he prized above all other social ties.

This beautiful spirit which dominated the Rolapp home during fifty years reached a climax in the celebration of their golden wedding anniversary in California. Throngs of friends met in a setting of orchids, gardenias, and a profusion of California flowers, to honor them. There he unfolded the pictures of memory to his friends, looking back over a long life of rich experience, and in return received numerous expressions of love and esteem. This occasion just four weeks before his final call, proved to be a beautiful farewell.

In his home life as in his public life, Judge Rolapp was first of all a gentleman, of striking vigorous appearance in spirit and in action. Dignity and cordiality were admirably blended in the charm of his personality; he was dynamic yet gracious; powerful yet gentle. He seemed austere, yet there were many direct routes to his heart.

He possessed that quality of spirituality which distinguishes truly noble persons. He achieved it with a most sincere exercise of faith, and through prayers, which were always an important part of his daily life. One felt the radiance of his faith during the illness of his wife. He administered to her daily and hoped that when death called he would be the first to go. She improved in health and in his sudden fatal illness he said smilingly, "This is as it should be."

His knowledge of the hereafter was as clear to him as his life here, and so great was his desire to carry on his activities in the other world that at the last he had said to his sons, "My work here is done now; there is work for me to do over there." With this thought, he had attended to every detail: his business accounts were settled and, so particular was he that he made his last earthly settlement with the Lord, his tithing record was complete. In his life we see a grand completeness, finely lived and finely ended.

A WORLD-WIDE VIEW OF M. I. A.

(Continued from page 477)

phet setting forth your plan of life, your ideals of home, and your devotion to those universal truths which make life worth while, and I received the inspiration of a message on the world's needs, or at least some of the world's needs, that youth can satisfy."

In his Sunday afternoon remarks, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, President Grant said of the Forty-first annual conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations:

"I rejoice exceedingly in the splendid meetings we have had during this conference of the Primary and the Mutuals. As near as I am capable of judging, I think we have had the finest convention that I recall ever having attended, and that is as it should be."

Sunday evening in the Tabernacle brought a meeting devoted to "Youth's Opportunities in the Church" and included the finished performance of the Brigham Young University Symphony Orchestra un-

der the direction of Leroy J. Robertson, youthful speakers on the opportunities and responsibilities of youth in the Church, and a pageant-tableau on the same subject, prepared and directed by a B. Y. U. staff. Brief remarks by President Grant closed this session also.

The Summer Institute held on Monday under the direction of John D. Giles, Y. M. M. I. A. Field Representative, and Charlotte Stewart of the Y. W. M. I. A. is worthy of special note. An innovation, this undertaking which took a fine representative church-wide group of M. I. A. leaders into the Lion House, Memory Grove, and over the hills, for breakfast and a sunrise service, through the day, to sunset, campfire, and taps, augurs greater Summer Institutes for coming years and in-

creased summer activity in a year-round program.

Educational meets, departmental sessions, athletic contests, exhibits, and demonstrations completed the conference and were a marked credit to M. I. A. board members and the many qualified workers who assisted them.

The successful and inspirational experience of the general conference of the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations in Salt Lake City was repeated, on a smaller scale, in many foreign lands. Communications and reports from the missions outside the United States give strong indication that the world-wide work of the Mutual Improvement Associations is becoming increasingly important in making friends for the



1. THE QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS OF THE GOLD AND GREEN BALL IN FRESNO BRANCH, CALIFORNIA MISSION.
2. MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' KITCHEN PARTY, PRESCOTT BRANCH, CALIFORNIA MISSION.
3. HOBBY EXHIBIT, CEDAR FIRST WARD, PAROWAN STAKE, ON M. I. A. DAY FESTIVAL.
4. SUCCESSFUL DEFENDERS OF ALL CHURCH SOFT BALL TITLE, MEN OF THIRD WARD, LIBERTY STAKE.
5. QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL, WEISER WARD, BOISE STAKE.
6. BEE-HIVE GIRLS, BAKERSFIELD BRANCH, CALIFORNIA MISSION.
7. PLAY PRESENTED BY THIRD WARD, POCATELLO STAKE.
8. FIRST M. I. A. PARTY HELD IN THE WELLINGTON BRANCH, NEW ZEALAND MISSION.
9. SOUTH SUMMIT DANCE FESTIVAL.

A WORLD-WIDE VIEW OF M. I. A.

Church, in gaining favorable publicity, in increasing membership, and in keeping members active and usefully engaged in a world where unsettled economic conditions and forced leisure demand a spiritualized program of leisure time activity and widening interests.

FROM BERLIN

WRITING of a three-day M. I. A. Conference of the German-Austrian Mission, May 30 to June 1, inclusive, held in Berlin, and attended by Dr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Merrill from European Mission headquarters, Sister Elizabeth H. Welker says:

The M. I. A. dance "went over big," as the missionaries say. It was so entirely new that the crowd stood and gasped and called for it again and again. There were two hundred and fifty M. Men and Gleaners at the banquet, and they came from every district in the mission and every one of them is calling for the dance this year. The debate was also new to them, so was the theme "Life Begins at Forty;" it was good to watch the elderly people sitting on the edge of their seats, listening with the keenest interest. Our chorus was very good; the concert made up of the very best of music was a real credit to the M. I. A. We had to be very strict about those who sang in the chorus; only those who had completed the course were allowed to take part; so the number was cut to eighty.

IN GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND

REPORTING a similar conference, M. I. A. leaders in the Swiss-German Mission write:

It is with a feeling of deep satisfaction that we give a report of our mission M. I. A. Convention which was held in the beautiful city of Frankfurt, the 30th of May to the 1st of June.

The first meeting of the convention was held Saturday evening, the 30th, at 7:30 o'clock. In a warm spirit of enthusiasm all were welcomed by the mission superintendent, Brother Reed M. Broadbent. It gave one a feeling of joy to see the faces of the district and some of the ward M. I. A. leaders. It made recognizable the realization of the strength of our mission M. I. A. organization. . . .

The fifth meeting of the conference, the Sunday evening Sacrament meeting, will long be remembered for the fine talks that were given on such subjects as: "The Purpose of the M. I. A.," "The Old Folks and the M. I. A.," "The M. I. A. as a Missionary," and "Why this year's Program is better than that of last year." . . .

We are very much overjoyed at the success of the convention. The entire program was beautified with singing and other musical numbers. The spirit present in every meeting of the convention conveyed the true meaning of the M. I. A. work. We feel that new vigor was awakened for a banner year in the M. I. A. of the Swiss-German Mission.

IN SWEDEN

ELDER FLOYD A. CARLSON of the Swedish Mission writes of conference plans as follows:

The time is drawing near when we shall have our big M. I. A. Conference in the city of Malmo. The Young Women's Board have charge of the program this year, and to judge from things now, this conference promises to be a bigger success than the ones held in Gothenburg and in Stockholm. We have been working for a long time on the conference program. About eight branches have promised to have representatives meet with us during conference. The conference this year is to be held on the days of June 23, 24, 25, and 26. There will be several meetings held on each of these days except the 25th. . . . On that day we are all going on a trip over to Copenhagen, Denmark, which will be very interesting for us all.

(Signed) Floyd A. Carlson.

IN NORWAY

PRESIDENT MILTON H. KNUDSEN of the Norwegian Mission anticipates Norway's first M. I. A. convention with these words:

Under separate cover we are sending you a copy of our *Stevne* program. We have rented Oslo's largest public hall for our meetings on Sunday. It has a seating capacity of one thousand and we expect to fill it to capacity. We are obtaining publicity in the press and will have newspaper men present at all of our meetings.

This is Norway's first M. I. A. convention. We hope it will be continued. We have great distances to travel here which makes it quite difficult and expensive, too, for our Elders and Saints to come to our convention. It takes a week of continuous travel for our Saints to come from our farthest outpost.

Regards to all the M. I. A. workers from the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

(Signed) Milton H. Knudsen.

IN DENMARK

FROM Copenhagen, President Alma L. Petersen of the Danish Mission writes:

We have just finished our M. I. A. convention. I believe I am safe in saying that we have held one of the finest conventions ever held in this country.

On Saturday evening, May 30th, we opened our convention with fifty-three Elders holding Priesthood meeting. Ninety per cent of them belong to the M. Men class. This certainly was a spiritual feast.

Sunday morning at 9 o'clock we met in prayer meeting with a good representation from every M. I. A. in the nation. At 10 o'clock we met in one of the largest halls in Aarhus that we had hired. Every seat was taken.

We came back into session again at 2 p. m. and in the evening the house was again crowded.

Monday morning at 8 a. m. we met to witness the seven one-act plays with 304 present. These plays lasted from 8 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. I want to say for the benefit

of the players . . . they held the crowd almost spellbound for the four and one-half hours.

In the afternoon we had our outing which was also a success.

We came back to the hall at 6 p. m., where our Banquet was held with 254 plates served. During the time of the program that was given at the banquet, a non-member came to the stand and asked if he could have the privilege of saying a word. This was cheerfully granted. In his remarks he said that he had attended many banquets but had never attended one where the air was so pure and free from tobacco smoke or where he had had such a good time.

After the banquet they all danced until 11:30 p. m. I would like to have many of our wards at home see how this dance was conducted.

We held eight meetings with an average of 244 present. I think this will give you just a glimpse of what the M. I. A. is doing in this nation.

FROM THE NETHERLANDS

FROM Holland, Europe's lowland country, President T. Edgar Lyon of the Netherlands Mission sends this word:

A significant and withal interesting page was written into the historical register of the Netherlands Mission when, during the three days from Saturday, May 30, to Monday, June 1, its first general M. I. A. and Primary Conference convened in the seaport city of Rotterdam, which has long been the center of mission activity. It was an occasion that made the members forsake their pious yearning for "the good old days" and rejoice in the accomplishments of the present and the promise of the future. It was something that left the casual visitor (and there were many) with definite impressions. In a word, the successive events of the 1936 conference were each a fresh exhibition of a good program well prepared. The overflow crowds, made up of people making the annual pilgrimage all the way from Groningen and Maastrecht (the Dan and Beersheba of Holland), most of them by bicycle, not a few as hitchhikers, and others by third-class train or bus, were indication of this fact, as was the resulting publicity from newspapers otherwise loath to give the Mormons space.

June conference, always a time of reunion, of rejoicing, had the happy coincidence of coming during Whitsuntide, observed in Holland, as in most European countries, as a great holiday. The genius and messianism of the original Pentecost distinguished the sessions in a very real sense. The training and instruction of the several leadership institutes, the inspiration of the music festival and honor program, the keen enjoyment of the finished drama production, the wholesome entertainment of the field day activities, and the faith promotion of the public meetings were all manifestations of that quickening, life-giving spirit.

. . . It was a program purposeful, thought though, directed. On a small scale it was a worthy counterpart of its more extensive example, the June conference at home, and, like its predecessor, seems to get better every year.

. . . If Sunday had been a remarkable spiritual feast (and it was) Monday was just as remarkable for its wholesome con-

cern for the recreation of the body. A large greensward, a combined pasture and sport field lying just outside of the city, had been specially procured for the staging of sport events in which conference-goers participated.

IN GREAT BRITAIN

FROM Great Britain, oldest of the European Missions, Elder Wendell J. Ashton sends this report:

For three days M. I. A. members in Great Britain gathered in Kidderminster, a little town in England's midlands famous as the world's carpet-weaving center, for their second annual mission-wide convention, May 30-June 1. During this time 315 Saints and 110 traveling Elders lodged in Kidderminster homes.

The manner in which Kidderminster citizens received Latter-day Saints is typified in a paragraph written to an Elder by a woman in whose home a group of conference delegates had stayed:

"I have been taking lodgers for four years and in this time I have never had finer folk here than the Latter-day Saints— (Signed) Mrs. Broadhurst, 10a Lea Street."

The conference, which included speech, choral and poetry contests for M Men and Gleaners, track and field meets, handicraft competition for Bee-Hive Girls, M. I. A. institutes, dancing, concerts, community dinners and general sessions, was planned by Mission M. I. A. officers, including Dr. Ray M. Russell, superintendent; John Bleakley and Lewis H. Tarr, assistants, and Elder M. Neff Smart, executive secretary, of Y. M. M. I. A., and Catherine L. M. Horner, president; Madeline E. R. Hill and Ruth Elise Mace, counselors; Florence Ann Bickerstaff, secretary-treasurer, and Rose B. Bailey, Beekeeper, of Y. W. M. I. A. The Primary, under the leadership of Elizabeth Cornwall, Mission supervisor, also conducted meetings and institutes at the convention.

Reports are arriving daily from other missions, both within and outside the confines of the United States, telling of successful M. I. A. conferences world-wide. Missionaries and mission presidents have stated on numerous occasions that Scout troops, Bee-Hive organizations, M Men and Gleaner enterprises and other M. I. A. activities frequently form the nucleus for the building of branches and the wedge for opening interest in the Church. It is being daily demonstrated at home and abroad that many searching people who are not at first attracted by doctrinal differences have their sincere interest aroused by the world-wide spiritualized recreational and leisure time program of the Mutual Improvement Associations.



1. Queens and attendants of Gold and Green Ball, Seattle Branch, Northwestern States Mission.
2. M Men-Gleaner Banquet, Tucson, Arizona, California Mission.
3. Ogden Stake, Utah, M Men Gleaner Banquet.
4. Basketball squad of the Branch of the Deaf, Ogden Stake, Utah.
5. Parowan State Hobby Display, Cedar City, Utah.
6. Three Queens of Gold and Green Balls, Norwich, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth branches of the British Mission.
7. Cast of play produced by Papeete branch of the Tahitian Mission.
8. Queen and attendants of Gold and Green Ball, Milwaukee Northside branch, Northern States Mission.

LET'S BUILD A CABIN

TO BUILD a cabin interestingly, select a site with possibilities for attractive building and landscaping. The site should also be some little distance below a spring or other good water supply in order to have the obvious advantage of water under pressure right in the cabin.

Naturally, you want some trees near your cabin both for shade and beauty. If you are building among evergreens, select a spot where there are Douglas firs, for the porcupines will never eat the bark of this fir. More important, you should place the cabin where there is enough clear space at the fireplace end of your cabin to avoid the downward air currents when the wind blows over big trees. Such currents can play havoc with the best of chimneys and fireplaces. A cluster of trees on the south and west sides of the house, and open areas to the east and north where the chimney is, afford morning sunlight and afternoon shade without interference to chimney drafts.

There is one more thing worth keeping in mind when scouting about for a cabin site: rocks for the fireplace. You will want a fireplace of generous proportions and if you have to haul the rocks in on a trailer and carry them by hand down a steep trail, you will be dumbfounded at the number of rocks it takes to build a fireplace and chimney.

Having chosen your site you may begin to effect a realization of your dreams. Suppose you plan a room fourteen by twelve feet. That will give you width enough for a respectable fireplace at one end. Since a fireplace is the soul of a cabin you must not cramp it; devote one whole end of your cabin to the fireplace.

As you plan the interior keep in mind the placing of furniture with reference to the doors and windows as well as to the fireplace, the position of doors and windows with reference to the best views outside, and a consideration of the addition of more rooms to the cabin at a later time. Remember to cut the windows low enough for a seated person to command the view without craning his neck.

The logical place for the door will be in the end opposite the fireplace. To conserve space it may be best for you to place the door a little off center, swinging it from the supporting beam which stands directly under the ridge pole on this end of the cabin. Then, in the narrow space near the door you may set up a small cooking stove, and in the wider space behind the door you will have room for a full-sized bed.

THE MATERIALS

THE PLANS are not complete, of course, until you have decided upon materials. If you are pressed for time you will certainly want squared lumber from a reliable sawmill or lumber yard. But squared lumber is expensive; consequently, if you have more time than money, you had better use rough material, that is, slabs from a saw mill and poles direct from the forest. The slabs will cost you almost nothing if you go after them, and better still, they will give a rustic character to your dwelling which can never be attained with squared lumber.

For studs and rafters it is perhaps customary to use two-by-fours, but straight young pine poles will serve your purpose just as well, and look infinitely better. If there is a thick stand of pines near your site you may find a few young trees that need thinning. But if there are none at hand, you may be able to get a permit for ten or fifteen poles from the supervisor of your nearest forest. Lodge poles, if obtainable, are the best species, for they are light, straight, and of quite uniform thickness. However, good straight aspen trees will be very good substitutes if pines are not available, for if they are cut green and peeled, they dry into tough and sturdy poles. Thousands of feet of aspen are used every year for timbering mines—

By KARL E. YOUNG

Assistant Professor of English at
Brigham Young University

THERE are cabins and cabins! Professor Karl E. Young, outdoor enthusiast and lover of Indian lore, built a cabin for less than thirty-five dollars—and plenty of labor! The author tells here how this accomplishment might be repeated by anyone with moderate handicraft skill and a few willing friends. A cabin might just as well be sturdy, comfortable and picturesque, and here's how to make it all three—.

proof that aspen is reliable for building purposes.

CONSTRUCTION

YOUR first step in actual construction will be the digging out of a level place for the foundation. If the ground is already level, all that is necessary is to clear away the loose dirt. Never level off for a foundation by filling in low places with loose dirt, for the ground will settle and the cabin will be sure to sag. When the ground is ready you should set up three or four stringers (logs or sturdy poles) on flat rocks, and level them up with a spirit-level. Much grief can be averted if you do this work carefully, for upon the stringers are laid the joists, and upon the joists the floor is laid; and if the stringers and joists are not level, the floor, doors, and walls will probably be askew. Remember to get the stringers well up above the ground (six or eight inches) to prevent their being rotted by ground-moisture.

In setting up your joists your problems will be simplified if you use squared lumber, for there will be less notching and wedging necessary to bring all joists to the same level. When all of the joists are in position, toe-nail them down with ten-penny nails, and then strengthen and support them by nailing a two-by-six against their butts at each

end, thus completing a box-shaped framework for the flooring.

You have to remember also, in constructing the floor, to leave space for a hearth at one end. You will probably want to build the chimney and the greater part of the fireplace itself outside of the wall in order to conserve space, but a stone hearth inside is quite necessary. The indentation in the floor space is effected by means of the same box-like construction as was used in building the frame for the whole floor.

Once the stringers and joists are set up, a sensible plan is to nail down the floor immediately. You will then have a good, clear place to work where you can conveniently do your measuring and sawing. In laying the flooring, start at one side and work across, covering the surface

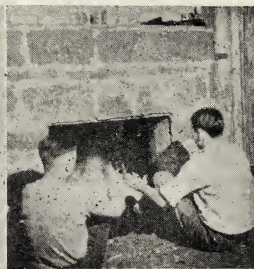
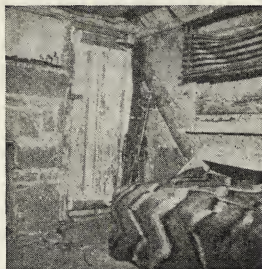
the outside wall will save much time later, for all that will then be necessary will be to make this "floor-line" coincide with the surface of the floor, and the slab can then be nailed, top and bottom (i. e. to the shoulder and the floor-joist respectively).

When you have set up your corner slabs (two for each corner; Fig. 2), you can keep them in alignment by running a temporary brace (a board will do) at an angle from the floor to the middle of the slab. If the braces are nailed on the inside instead of the outside, they will not interfere when you begin to nail other slabs on for the wall.

FOR THE shoulders you should choose some of your straightest and most uniform poles. They should be sturdy (about four inches

doors and windows until you have your walls all on, for you can nail the frames where you want your openings, and screw on braces for shutters and doors before you cut them out. (See Fig. 1.) Then there will be no worry about fitting, and the matching of shutters with walls outside will be perfect. Cutting your openings is no trick at all. You can start a key-hole saw in an auger-hole and then slip in a good cross-cut saw to complete the job.

The pitch of your roof will depend upon your taste and upon the amount of snow that will lie on it in the winter. A pitch of slightly under one-half is not unattractive and will take care of four or five feet of snow ordinarily. If the shoulders on your twelve by fourteen foot cabin are six feet six inches above



out to the very edge. Then when the slabs are nailed onto the two-by-sixes (the sides and ends of your box) the floor will fit snugly up against the wall.

The next step will be to erect four corners and put shoulders on them—i. e. poles extending from corner to corner. Once again, you will have a box-like structure, now with four hollow sides onto which you are going to nail your slabs. If you nail your slabs on horizontally, you can choose rather heavy ones for the corners and make them support the shoulder beams, without any immediate need for struts.

Measure these corner-slabs and saw out holes for the shoulder-poles with a good, sharp key-hole saw before putting them up. You can rule a straight line across them at the point at which the surface of the floor touches them, and measure accurately from that line up to the proposed position of the shoulder beam. Such a "floor-line" drawn on the flat surface of every slab that is to be measured and cut for

LEFT: AN INSIDE CORNER OF THE FINISHED CABIN. THE DOOR CONCEALS FOUR STEPS AND A PASSAGEWAY LEADING UP TO A BEDROOM.

CENTER: THE FINISHED CABIN IN A PICTURESQUE AND PRACTICAL SETTING, WITH WATER-SUPPLY, ACCESSIBILITY, PROTECTION AND ATTRACTIVENESS ALL HAVING BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

RIGHT: THE FIREPLACE, THE "HEART OF CABIN" WHERE WARMTH AND GOOD CHEER AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP MAKE A "CABIN IN THE HILLS" SOMETHING WORTH HAVING.

through) and tough, for they will have to stand lots of nailing. It is worth while for you to take pains in trimming and peeling these shoulder-poles, and, for that matter, all other poles that are to go into your overhead structure, for they will all show, and, if worked up smoothly, will contribute to the charm of the interior.

Having the corners and the shoulders up, you may nail slabs on the sides now, just to see things go up fast for a few minutes. But remember not to nail slabs on the ends of the building until you have decided what the height of your roof is to be, for these slabs will all have to go beyond the shoulder straight up to the roof. Do not worry about

the floor, you might run your ridge-pole five feet three inches above the shoulder to achieve such a pitch.

The ridge-pole can be placed in its proper position by slipping it into holes cut in two tall slabs which are nailed in the very center of each end of the cabin. You must then put good solid supports under the ridge pole with direct bearing upon struts placed under the end shoulders.

The bracing of the roof requires a good deal of cautious figuring and measuring. You will probably lift every piece up to check your measurement before you saw. You will want strong poles at the gable ends and in the middle to support two longitudinal rafters on each slope of the roof. These supporting beams should be "toed-in" for safety's sake, and it is well to cut your notches in the shoulders before measuring and cutting the beams. The beams themselves will have to be notched for the rafters, though not deeply.

Over your longitudinal rafters you will run your sheeting. "Winnie-

edged," i. e. sheeting with bark on the edges is cheapest and most fitting where you want rustic effect. Your roofing can be laid down directly on the sheeting, or you can tack down a padding of cardboard from old cartons as a protection first if the sheeting seems too rough and uneven.

THE FIREPLACE

THE BUILDING of the fireplace will be your biggest adventure. The foundation is all-important, even more important than it was in the case of the house, for a great column of rock and cement becomes exceedingly dangerous if it is not bedded solidly. After removing all loose dirt you should lay down several large flat rocks, taking care that they have a good full bearing on the ground under them. They should lap over the actual area to be devoted to the structure itself by several inches in order to extend the bearing of the pile.

A mixture of four shovels full of sand to one of lime to one of cement will give you a good, dependable mortar. The secret in laying up rock cheaply consists in not having to fill up too many spaces with mortar. The secret in laying up rock successfully consists in giving every rock a full downward bearing without wedging or exerting force inward or outward on any other rock.

Some fundamental rules must be observed if you are to have a good fireplace: first, a low lintel (see fig. 4) creates more draft than a high one (hence, do not build lintel too high); second, the walls of the fire chamber should not be drawn in until after the throat is passed; third, the throat should not be less than eight inches above the lintel; fourth, the lintel should not be too deep or it will catch the ascending smoke and make it roll back out into the room; fifth, the smoke shelf should be perfectly flat and should be deep enough to deflect downward currents of cold air so that smoke will not be puffed out into the room; sixth, the throat should not be more than four inches across; seventh, the back wall of the fire chamber should be gradually sloped forward to reflect heat into the room; eighth, for maximum efficiency the rear wall should be at least twenty-two inches back from the face of the fireplace; ninth, there should be no cracks or leaks in the flue to interfere with the draft; tenth, the flue should be as smooth

as possible and should not change direction unless absolutely necessary. The fireplace should be lined with fire-brick, set up with fire clay to avoid crumbling under intense heat, and it is well to put in a couple of pins as the fireplace grows to swing a crane on later.

The fireplace is the only part of the building for which you may need expert advice or help for a day or two. Once you get the knack of how to place rocks so that they will bind the underneath rocks and tie into the structure, once you get the idea of keeping your outside edges built up level for the next tier of stone, you will feel a sense of triumph as you fill the spaces between your outside walls with the awkward shaped rocks and mortar, and see a solid and reliable piece of work rising before you. As your chimney rises, you will have to build a temporary scaffold around it to hold rock and give you a platform for working.

When, at last, you are ready to put on roofing, you will probably find that the cheapest thing will be material which sells in rolls of 100 square feet. Remember that any rolled roofing material will lie better on your structure if it be thoroughly warmed before laying and tacking. Directions always accompany prepared roofing materials.

The final job to be done will be the covering of the cracks between

the slabs which have been nailed on outside. You can make a good snug job by lining the interior with heavy paper, such as cement comes in, and then nailing an upright slab over every crack. This will not only give the interior a finished appearance but will of course, make the whole structure much sturdier.

MATERIALS FOR 12' x 14' CABIN

Nails—8 penny and 16 penny.

Spikes—30 penny.

Lumber, 7 pieces 2" x 4" x 12'.

2 pieces 2" x 6" x 12'.

2 pieces 2" x 6" x 14'.

2 pieces 2" x 4" x 4'.

1 piece 2" x 4" x 6'.

sheeting for floors, 168 board feet.

"Winnie-edged" sheeting for roofing, 250 board feet.

Cement, 6 sacks.

Lime, 2 sacks.

Windows.

Roofing.

Hinges.

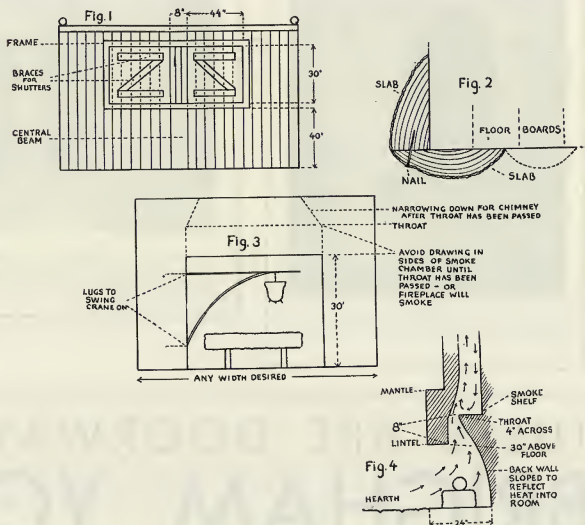
Fireclay.

Slabs.

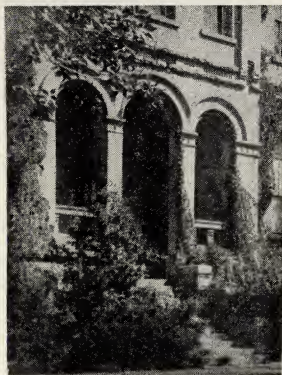
FIG. 1. FRAMES OF WINDOWS ARE NAILED AND SCREWED ON SLABS; THEN BRACES FOR SHUTTERS ARE SCREWED ON BEFORE SAWING OUT SHUTTERS.

FIG. 2. TOP VIEW OF CORNER POST SLABS SHOWING HOW TO FIT CORNER SLABS TO LOOK LIKE LOGS.

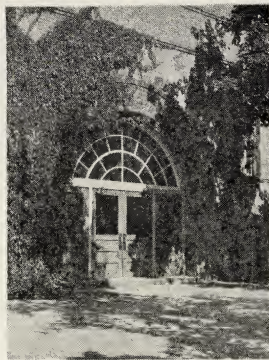
FIG. 3. FRONT SECTION OF FIREPLACE SHOWING IMPORTANCE OF SMOKE SHELF IN DEFLECTING DOWNWARD AIR CURRENTS UP AGAIN.



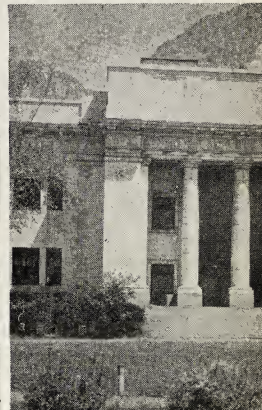
DOORWAYS



Within is the headquarters of Religious Education. But all of B. Y. U. is dedicated to developing the will and the power to live more richly and nobly.



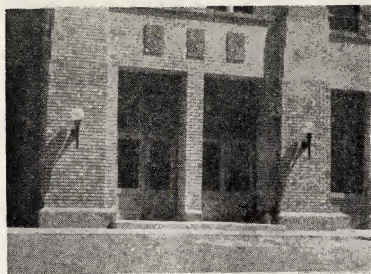
If you love music, art, drama, or oratory, enter here, where all day are heard the piano, the fine-drawn strings, the mellow horn, and the thunderous organ.



This is the doorway to Brigham Young University. Soon a throng of young people will enter for their first taste of higher learning, the training that will fit them to live more usefully and happily. Here in the Maeser Memorial



Through this door and up the stairs go many young women to learn home-making, stressed at B. Y. U.



The massive portal of the new Brimhall Building leads to laboratories and classrooms for many valuable sciences, as well as to the Extension Division including the Bureau of Visual Instruction.

THESE DOORS

September

Registration

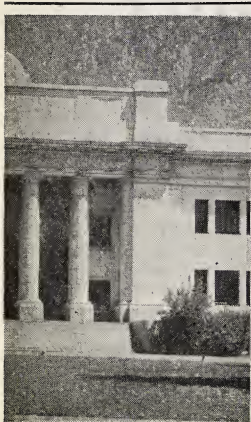
September

FIVE COLLEGES

Applied Science
Arts and Sciences
Commerce
Education
Fine Arts

THESE ARE DOORWAYS TO BUSINESS
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

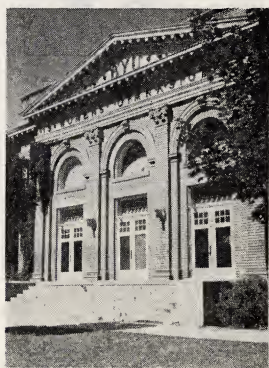
TO COLLEGE



Building they will meet President F. S. Harris, leader of a faculty of 120 well-trained men and women who devote their best thought and energy to helping students achieve their highest goals.



You who plan to teach in high schools will do well to enter this door for teaching experience under expert guidance.



This is a doorway to health. Also the "Y" has a Men's Gymnasium, many tennis courts, and athletic fields with the new Stadium House.

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25, 1936

Continues

26 and 28

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Within these doors, great men of all time will tell you their secrets of successful living. The Heber J. Grant Library is a great treasure house of vital ideas. There are 100,000 books and 50,000 other publications—all readily located.



Through this doorway the youngsters of the Elementary Training School troop in to help future teachers learn best how to develop children's minds.

SS AND PROFESSIONAL EFFICIENCY NIVERSITY, Provo, Utah



FROM THE DIARY OF A BISHOP'S WIFE

By ADELE CANNON HOWELLS

toward helping provide fuel for winter. Across the street was a tannery and there the children reported after school and on Saturday to gather the tan bark. . . . Barefooted, as they had been all summer, with gunny sacks in their hands, they worked earnestly until we had a big heap of tan bark piled in the corner of the shed where the stove stood in the summer. . . .

"I went to work for the J—s by the day (putting my two little girls with my relatives). I had plenty to do in my new position, for I was housekeeper, cook and laundress as well as nurse. Finding I could not do such hard work, I turned my knowledge of millinery to account and made straw hats for gentlemen as well as ladies. Some time after this I was making a dress for J—, and the sun was shining in our little kitchen making it look warm and bright, although there was very little fuel in the stove and it was bitterly cold in spite of the sun. J—'s mother came in and remarked how bright and cozy it was, but we had nothing in the house to eat but bread. . . ."

Nothing but bread! I went to market this morning in my car and found myself in the midst of plenty—luxuries and necessities from all countries—a dozen kinds of bread, from Russian rye to poppy seed

twist; six kinds of squash, from banana to zucchini; new potatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, carrots, parsnips, et cetera, et cetera!

SATURDAY, JUNE 20TH: Great-grandfather's journal is more touching every time I read it, especially the part about great-grandmother's death.

"During the whole of this time my dear wife continues very ill and is still getting weaker. 'Are we far from New Orleans that I may get some grapes?' was my wife's constant inquiry, when I came down off deck, as she is too weak to be taken on deck herself. I endeavored to speak words of comfort to her, while I had no prospect of her ever seeing the land of Joseph in this life.

"I will not attempt to describe the nights in particular which I have passed while watching by the side of one of the best wives that ever man was blest with—yet with all her suffering no complaint ever escaped her, but the words, 'Dear husband, what am I to do?' O God, how mysterious are Thy ways! Teach resignation to Thy will!

"This morning, Friday, 28th of October, she fell asleep without a sigh, and at half-past four o'clock was buried, in Lat. 24.37 N., Long. 69.50 W., at five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

"How soon our plans and prospects are changed! And were it not for our helpless children's sake I should like to repose under the peaceful blue waters with her who shared my every joy and sorrow."

As I sit here reading this old journal of my great-grandfather, I am luxuriously housed with every comfort. With every facility for living at hand, how easy it is to slip into an idle, purposeless life. Faulty humans that we are, we must rouse ourselves to action and keep daily the spirit of the Recessional—"Lord God of Hosts, Be with us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget!"

THURSDAY, MAY 28TH—enroute to Los Angeles. Left Salt Lake this morning at six—beautiful day—Wasatch Mountains and Twin Peaks towering over the tender green valley. Called at Provo to visit a few minutes with T—s whose son we met more than twenty years ago on the boat going to his mission in New Zealand. Twenty years—we are getting old! Nephi, Beaver, Cedar City—enjoyed looking at farms and ranches. The lovely St. George Temple standing out so clear as we came round the mountain! Called at Aunt Z—'s and were invited to stay the night. Fresh-baked crusty bread, thin-sliced cheese and milk for supper—a good bed with sun-kissed sheets in the old, thick-walled, stone house. It is hard to beat this Dixie hospitality!

Wednesday, June 10th: Committee meeting on Ward Reunion.

Friday, June 12th: Committee decided Pioneer theme to be used for Ward Reunion so have been turning through old books, diaries, auto-biographies, et cetera. Happy and sad to find Grandma W—'s diary. I am copying some of it into mine—from the part when grandpa had gone on his mission.

"While the peaches which we had prepared and spread on the roof of our little house were drying, it was time to see what could be done

THE SKEPTICS

By Rosannah Cannon

THEY HAVE struck out alone on paths uncrossed;

And now, like children who have missed their way

And find that landscape strange, but stoutly say,

"We are not far from home, not really lost."

They wander on confusedly and clutch

At every little joy that can be bought,

And thus forget the pity of their lot

While there is wine to taste and flesh to touch.

But on each face there is a secret woe

For something taken from them long ago;

And in the lonely moments they must weep

For the old innocence they did not keep—

Stray souls who wanted only to be free;

So hardly have they gained their liberty.

A Citizen of the World Looks at Utah

(Concluded from page 487)

standing-up-like-men," that's all one world! Enormous brightly-colored monoliths fill the canyon, and many of them have appropriate names, such as Queen Victoria, the Pope, Bluebeard's Castle. The colors are so brilliant that even the shadows are tinted.

The climax to this journey through Utah's natural wonderlands is the drive over the Mount Carmel Highway to Zion National Park. The twenty-five miles between Mount Carmel and Zion cost over two million dollars to construct. At one point you will motor through a tunnel over a mile long, but at six different points in the side of the tunnel huge windows have been cut through which you can get some of the most stupendous views in the world. As you enter the Portals of Zion you see first the East and West Temples, two great domes crested with crimson that runs down their pale sides like streams of blood. You will not have to be told that the lofty white precipice with a crimson summit is called "The Altar of Sacrifice."

Be sure you enter the floor of the canyon on foot or horseback, following the banks of the Mukuntuweap River with wild flowers and ferns on every side and the brilliantly colored walls of the canyon always towering above you. Look up over two thousand five hundred feet to the top of the Great White Throne, and find yourself speechless at such majestic loveliness.

These are sights that you surely must see in order to believe that such exquisite scenery is possible. Only Nature herself can carve such divine sculpture as this and her chisel was erosion.



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ROYAL Chocolate and Vanilla Puddings enable you to make smooth, delicious homemade ice cream in a few minutes, without fuss or bother. They make the kind of ice cream your whole family, especially the children, will go for in a big way.

Get a package of Royal Pudding today. Try any of the recipes given on it. We know you will have homemade ice cream often—once you've made it the easy Royal way.



HEALTHFUL

YOUR CHILDREN
DESERVE THE
BEST.

Every Time
They Eat

ELECTRIC COOKING

Preserves vitamins in food and
precious mineral salts. It makes
stronger bodies.

COME IN AND ASK ABOUT OUR
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THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

(Concluded from page 493)

when he passes away, that we will stop 'treading on the necks of our foes' and making 'the gentiles bow beneath our rod'."

Mr. Shibley said: "Don't you do it. It is only once in a lifetime that a man gets off as inspirational a hymn as that. Leave it just the way he wrote it." He continued: "Mr. Grant, you don't expect actually to tread on the necks of your foes. That is a figurative expression. I am familiar with the Bible, although agnostic. You do expect the neck to bow to the rod of righteousness. Leave it alone. Your people have a greater abiding faith in your final triumph than any other people I have ever met."

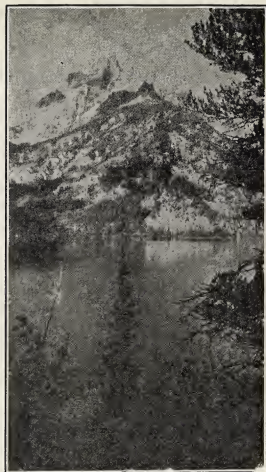
Within the next day or two President Grant took him for a ride around Mount Timpanogos, and as they were riding up American Fork Canyon Mr. Shibley repeated the

last verse of "Come, Come, Ye Saints"—the hymn treated in the June issue of *The Improvement Era*—and remarked: "Mr. Grant, that is the most splendid declaration of a faith in the immortality of the soul I ever read in my life."

In spite of Mr. Shibley's protest it was thought best to change the two lines referred to in "O Ye Mountains High"; so, when the new Latter-day Saint Hymn book was published in 1927, these two lines were made to read—"Without fear of thy foes thou shalt tread" and "Thy land shall be freedom's abode."

It is interesting to note, however, that the old version is printed in over two hundred thousand Sunday School song books, now in use, and the original militant lines still persist.

"O Ye Mountains High," born of an emotional and yearning heart,



has become one of the most beloved of our Mormon hymns.

While President Charles W. Penrose has not as many songs to his credit in the Latter-day Saint hymn book as eight other Mormon hymnologists, yet the eight of his that appear there are full of dynamic power and the human element so characteristic of the author. They were written to suit the circumstances under which they were inspired. The hymns are as follows:

"Beautiful Zion for Me," p. 394.
"Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds," p. 169.

"Death Gathers up Thick Clouds of Gloom," p. 245.

"Great Spirit Listen," p. 77.

"O Would'st Thou From Bondage and Strife be Free," p. 376.

"O Ye Mountains High," p. 338.

"School Thy Feelings O My Brother," p. 98.

"Up! Awake Ye Defenders of Zion," p. 82.

The biography of President Charles W. Penrose has been published in so many books, newspapers and magazines that it will be unnecessary to publish it here. Biographical sketches may be found in *Jenson's Biographical Encyclopedia*, *The Improvement Era*, *The Instructor*, *Relief Society Magazine*, *The Children's Friend*, and *The Deseret News*.

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MOVING MOUNTAINS

(Concluded from page 495)

top, gazing on into what lay ahead. His figure looked limp and broken in that awful silence. Then suddenly Bob realized that the silence was not complete. There was a voice in it—a dreadful, terrorizing voice. A voice that painted a picture of despair; of stark tragedy; of men slowly perishing on that ominous, eerie, never-ending expanse of ice.

Bob listened to this voice in the silence, and drank deeply and bitterly of its message. It was all about him; it seemed suddenly to shout from the very sky; to burst forth from the endless sweeps of ice; to cry from the humped, broken figures of his comrades before him. This whole frigid world seemed suddenly filled with it, and with its escapeless message of destruction.

Then it was that Bob became aware of another voice in the cold silence—a voice that was distinct even though it came on a lower scale. It mingled with the first voice, yet seemed widely separated from it. Though the voice whispered, it seemed to send a message clearly through the turmoil to Bob's ears. The message was the opposite of the first voice; was uplifting, heartening. Bob listened intently to it. "Lo, I am with you always. Even unto the end of the world!"

But somehow he was not strong enough; somehow his mind could not fully grasp this whispered message which was floating so serenely to his ears. The terrible voice of destruction was pressing too close. The ice seemed colder, the white-gray distance seemed to simmer with heat—but Bob knew that it was simmering with cold. He glanced again at Dan, who was seated as before. Then his eyes lifted to old Spike on the ridge-top. The man was sprawled against a large protruding hump of ice.

And as he looked, old Spike half raised himself, cupped his hands to his mouth and a crying call rose high over the cold plains. Bob shuddered violently. Again old Spike half raised himself—and once more that despairing cry lifted itself and reverberated across the desolate ice-bound Arctic, echoing and re-echoing through the ice.

BOB PULLED himself out of his troubled sleep with great effort. The little cave was roaring

with sound. Old Spike and Dan were standing in the cave entrance waving and shouting. Outside in a huge water lane which the Arctic storm had left, stood an ice-patrol boat. Its whistle was sending a joyous cry across the dead-white ice. The sound seemed to fill the whole world. Leaping up, Bob joined his comrades.

An hour later they had boarded the patrol and had related their experience to the captain and crew, and had heard how the ice patrol boat number 490 had picked up the *Banaza's* SOS; how it had sped to the rescue to pick up the *Banaza's* crew from the small boats; how the Captain had learned from six blacks that the three had been left behind.

Through powerful glasses, the Captain had seen the three working at the cave on the iceberg. But before the berg could be reached, the storm which had carried the berg so far north, broke, and the ice-patrol was unable to do more than keep afloat, dodge bergs, and follow slowly the general direction taken by the big berg. But the ice-patrol had followed them on and on, finally working its way through lead after lead to its present position far into the ice.

Bob and Dan were leaning over the after-rail. Slowly the nose of the patrol boat swung around, and the glistening iceberg with its many spires and cave-like depressions was slowly lost to sight in the ice behind.

Very slowly, the ice-boat made its way along the jagged water-lane. Sometimes the lane narrowed so that the little boat's sides scraped the ice-pack to get through; but it plowed on and on, ever southward.

Bob and Dan gazed back across the gray-white expanse of ice with the narrow lane running through it.

"Some day," said Dan, "I'd like to travel over that ice to the North Pole."

"And freeze to death," returned Bob without looking up.

"Not if we have the proper equipment," returned Dan. "And take along those words from the deck-radio."

"We'll go sometime," said Bob without further argument.

The ice-patrol plowed on, taking them farther and farther from the ice-bound Arctic. The pack-ice became thinner and thinner, until it faded away into the deep blue sea.

Nothing lay in their homeward path now, save a half dozen harmless, wandering bergs—a half-dozen moving mountains.

END

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Freshmen Placement Test, Sept. 23; Registration of Freshmen Sept. 24, 25; Registration of Upper Division, Sept. 28; Regular Class Work Begins, Sept. 29.

Write For Catalog
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UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY

STRANGE ROADS

(Continued from page 481)

"I don't know, Elizabeth. But," countered Marion, "The crowd you run around with is unworthy of you. You have too much character to hide it under all this frivolity."

"I have a good little mentor anyway," said Elizabeth, still smiling. "Maybe I'll break down and go to meeting with you some Sunday. Oh! You'd better rush it, lady, that's Richard's horn."

"Oh," exclaimed Marion, "I didn't know it was so late." And she dashed into the bedroom to get ready as Richard entered the door from the hallway.

"Hello, Elizabeth," he said rather formally. "Marion ready yet?"

"She will be in a minute, Rich," she replied. "I was the ancient mariner and she the wedding guest. I am afraid I kept her while she should have been getting ready."

"Oh, I guess I'm a little early anyway. My Uncle and Aunt came in from San Francisco, and Mother wants them to meet Marion."

"So nice to have one's family approve of one's girl."

Richard did not miss the edge in her voice but chose to ignore it.

"Yes, it is swell to have that kind of girl." Then on an impulse, "Why don't you come off your high horse, Elizabeth? Sarcasm will never get you anywhere. Come on along with us tonight."

"I have a date and wouldn't feel like accepting your kind condescension anyway."

Richard Burton flushed and said hastily: "I did not mean it that way, and you know it, Elizabeth. You're like a porcupine—start shooting quills the minute anyone comes near."

Elizabeth laughed in spite of herself.

WHEN THEY were gone, Elizabeth again seated herself at the fire in a very thoughtful mood. Somehow, the conversation with Marion had taken the wind out of her sails. For the first time in years the old bitterness seemed of little importance, and she wondered if she really had been justified in following a road so strange to her earlier teachings.

So absorbed was she, that she roused herself with a start as Clyde Marsdon knocked at the door.

"Come in," she called as she went to get her wrap.

Clyde was standing by the window as she reentered the room.

His low whistle was a compliment to her outfit.

"You look lovely, milady," he said, with a mock bow. "Will I be the envy of all my pals, this evening!"

"Thanks, Clyde. Whither away tonight? Remember I must get home a little earlier than usual."

"The bunch is coming up to my place."

"Let's go, then; as host you should have been there already."

"Oh, they'll make themselves at home."

"All the more reason why you should be there."

Clyde would have put his arms around her, but she opened the door and went into the hall.

He was a very personable young man, his dark good looks making a fine foil for the girl's blonde beauty. But tonight Elizabeth noticed the restlessness and discontent of his fine mouth. Were they all like that, pursuing strange roads and getting nowhere?

In Clyde's large and beautifully appointed apartment, the usual crowd was assembled to celebrate goodness knows what. Though probably goodness knows nothing about it, reflected Elizabeth dryly. Curiously it all palled her tonight.

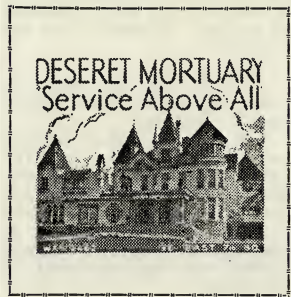
In a momentary lull in the noise, someone called: "Say, Elizabeth,

(Continued on page 518)

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STRANGE ROADS

(Continued from page 517)

you're nearest. Turn on the radio, will you? There's a swell program on at the Mark Hopkins."

Elizabeth knelt at the radio, switched it on, and touched the dial knob. Before she turned it an announcer's voice concluding his introduction came clearly:

"A member of the Quorum of the Twelve of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," and immediately a quiet, cultured, and still—after many years—familiar voice began an address.

"Here, Elizabeth, I'll fix it. I had Salt Lake on last night," Clyde cut in—then noticing her curiously rapt look. "Hey, snap out of it. If you want to listen to this there's a small set in the bedroom. The bunch want something peppy."

A moment later, Elizabeth was listening to the program in the bedroom while a popular tune drifted faintly from the living room.

Only subconsciously she listened to the program, but more clearly to a voice from the long ago. She saw the little hall crowded with people from the outlying branches in for conference; the drowsy warmth of a summer evening in the dear Old Country; Mother and Dad and Granny; friends who had since passed on; old longings stirred, old thoughts crowded.

The very voice which now came to her over a thousand miles of air seemed to be telling her again as he had done when a mission president: "If you keep in mind your high resolve to go for the sake of your religion, Sister Wingate, you will never regret the step you are now taking in emigrating."

The address concluded, the choir started to sing "The Spirit of God."

Elizabeth snapped off the radio and sprang to her feet impatiently. After all, one could not always dwell in the past. One must go forward all the time. Forward? Yes, but whither?

IT WAS the "wee sma' hours" before she found herself again in Clyde's car.

High up in the hills above Oakland Clyde parked the car. The lights around the bay far below were shining dimly, while in the distance she could see the subdued glow that was San Francisco. It was a beautiful night, but she was suddenly very tired and wished she were home.

Clyde was taking her in his arms and she was wondering, as she had often before, just what he thought of her. She was suddenly angry with him and herself. He was saying foolish things and holding her too closely. She pushed him away impatiently and exclaimed, "Clyde, take me home!"

He was instantly angry and offended.

"You have no right to talk like that to me. You have never given me any reason to think you objected to my attentions."

Elizabeth was furiously angry now. She opened the car door and jumped out.

"Will you take me home or shall I walk?" she demanded.

Clyde was righteously indignant. "Well, if you feel that way about it, walk, darn you!" he exploded, and before Elizabeth recovered from her surprise he had backed out the car and was gone.

Her anger evaporated into a milder mood in a moment. This was one time her bluff had been called.

With a rueful thought for her high-heeled slippers, she started down the hill.

"I'll take hiking shoes and a skirt and sweater to the next party," she thought, smiling to herself. Then more soberly: "But there will never be another like this. This is the final lesson. I'm through!"

Her steps quickened with the vehemence of her thoughts. Her heels clicked softly past the silent houses and sleeping gardens. She could not see them, but she could smell the perfume of the late roses and the earthy fragrance of chrysanthemums. The fall always made her a little wistful, and tonight she was lost in memories of other days and far off places. She had traveled far and lost much and tonight all she had gained seemed small in comparison.

Crossing a street, she paused to let a car pass, but it stopped. She looked up out of her dream and saw it was Clyde Marsdon.

"Get in, Elizabeth," he said, sheepishly. "You'll be home in a few minutes. I'm ashamed of myself."

She laughed: "Clyde, do you know how far I've walked back?"

"Oh, about a mile, I guess. I'm sorry. I—"

"I've walked seven thousand miles, my dear, over land and ocean

Strange Roads

and eight long years!" she said, smiling.

He looked at her keenly.

"It was that guy on the radio, wasn't it?"

"Yes, partly that and partly Marion, and—God," this last shyly.

It was long since she had said that word.

After a moment's silence Clyde said: "Well, get in. I'll take you home; we can begin again tomorrow."

"I'm beginning again right now, Clyde. Tonight, I'm walking home—all the way." Then as he climbed from the car, she asked, "What are you doing?"

"Coming with you—all the way," grinned the man.

Elizabeth felt a sudden wave of tenderness and happiness. It was good for one's soul to walk, but it was good for one's heart to have company.

Presently, walking in companionable silence, they came to an all-night lunch wagon.

"How about perching on one of those stools for a minute," suggested Clyde.

"My feet say 'let's'," responded Elizabeth gaily.

In the brightly lighted refreshment wagon Clyde said: "What'll it be? Two cups of coffee and some doughnuts?"

"No! I'm starting afresh. A glass of milk and doughnuts."

"All right, we'll still make it double!"

Clyde gave his order and turned to Elizabeth. She smiled gravely into his eyes and said, "You know, I like you an awful lot, Clyde."

"My dear, I love you an awful lot," he replied, and the wagoner, coming back with their order and seeing their rapt faces, said succinctly: "Well, what d'ye know about that?"



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Your Page and Ours

LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

BEIGE—that color which seems to be perennially popular—causes us trouble when we try to pronounce it. The *e* takes the sound of long *a* as in *ate*. The *g* has the *zh* sound.

GYRATE—the *g* has the sound of *j*; the *y* the sound of *i* as in *ice*; the *a* as in *ate*. The accent falls on the first syllable. That part of the washer which turns to whisk the clothes has the same pronunciation as gyrate with an extra syllable. However, we move the accent to the second syllable and call it a *ji-ra-tor*.

YUCCA—Those plants which are found on southwestern deserts—are pronounced with the *u* as in *up*. (Surprised, aren't you?) Now try saying the word, with the short *u*, the double *c* as a *k*, and the final *a* as in the word *ask*.

Australian Mission,
27 Simmons Street,
Enmore, N. S. W.,
Australia,
May 25, 1936.

Dear Editors:

WE ALWAYS feel greatly indebted to you for sending to our mission *The Improvement Era*. To the Elders, it furnishes a tie with conditions at home in regards to M. I. A. activities and the "best" writers of the Church, we consider. The Saints here in Australia have shown an anxiety to get a look at *The Improvement Era* whenever they can. Especially have they been interested in the April issue.

I take this opportunity to congratulate the present staff on the wonderful way the *Era* is being published. It truly has an appeal to everyone, and in many of our open classes, at our different meetings, the class will request selected readings from *The Improvement Era*.

All the Elders join me in sending thanks to you for sending us the *Era* and we are hoping that they will continue.

Sincerely your brother,

(Signed) Joseph W. McEwan,
Mission Secretary.

Snowflake, Arizona,
June 10, 1936.

Dear Editors:

I AM very much interested in the Word of Wisdom as it is now being presented through articles and departments in the *Era*—particularly in regard to the Positive Teachings as interpreted by Dr. Witdoor.

Yours sincerely,
Bessie B. Decker.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

SEVERAL YEARS ago I was a frequent visitor at the El Paso ward in Texas. I wish that every bishop in the Church would pay a visit there and remember the hearty welcome he received. Never once did I go to a service but what a member of the bishopric, usually Counselor Wilson, was at the door to shake hands and welcome every person, Church member or not. It was the only ward I've been in where I felt that I was really wanted.

I spent one winter in-----. The county librarian said to me one day as I was selecting a book: "Why don't you go to . . . meetings? You'll get acquainted and feel more at home here." I tried it, not only once, but time and again. Whether I was late or early, I went in, sat down, listened to the lesson, sometimes answering a question or two in an effort to prove my sociability, looked around on the (talking) groups awhile and walked out. Get acquainted? Feel at home? Well, judge for yourself.

I do not think the lesson need be prolonged.

Athelia Siler.

JUSTIFIABLE FREE SPEECH

HE's rather a loud dresser, isn't he?"

"Yes, especially when hunting his collar button."

IN THE NAME OF POLITENESS!

"**M**OTHER," asked a little boy when they had guests for dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go around?"

WHAT MUST HE HAVE SAID!

MIRANDY: "My sakes! John writes he threw the hammer two hundred feet."

Joshua: "Wal, he must've hit his thumb an awful whack."

"VOCABULARILY" SPEAKING

SAMBO: "Didn't you tell me that 'procrastinate' means to 'put off'?"

Professor: "Dat am the signification of the word—yes, sah!"

Sambo: "Den, why did that street car conductor laugh when I says: 'Procrastinate me at Twenty-first Street?'"

NATIONS are much like people. When they get big they can do things they would have been spanked for while little.

THE EARLY civilizations might not impress us so much if history had recorded their popular songs.

SELF-APPRAISAL

A BACKWOODS mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knowed he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

PATERNAL MODESTY

FATHER: "And there, daughter, you have the story of your dad and the Great War."

Ruth: "Yes, dad, but what did they need all the other soldiers for?"—*Epworth Herald*.

TRY IT SOMETIME

MOTHER: "Oh, dear, baby has his foot in his mouth!"

Father: "Let him enjoy himself while he can—thirty years from now he won't be able to touch his toes."

"WHAT'S YER SLEEVE FOR!"

A SMALL BOY was sitting close to a rather fussy woman in a crowded car, and he kept sniffing in a most annoying way. Finally she asked, "Boy, have you a handkerchief?"

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then in a dignified manner replied: "Yes, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."

CORRECTION

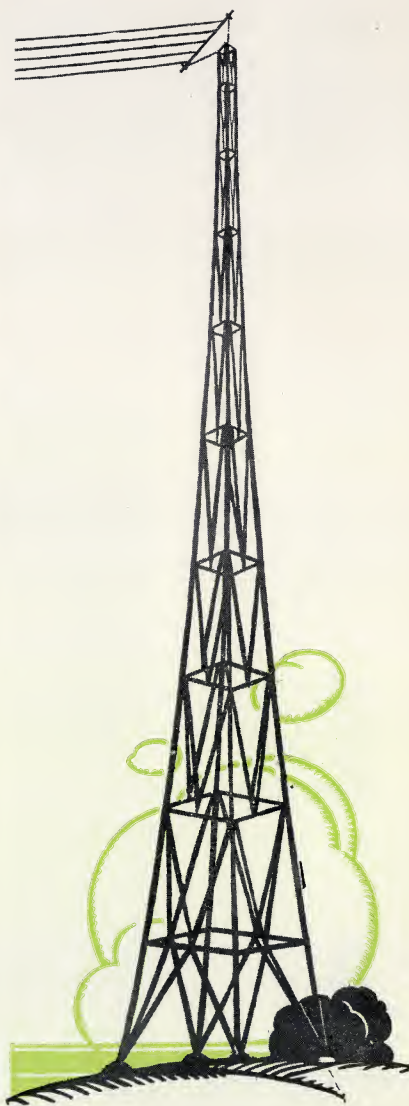
REFERENCES on pages 400 and 424 of the July issue of this publication to the Equitable Life Building as "the tallest structure in America, in 1883 should have read "the show-place of America." The Equitable Life building was not the highest structure in America at that time, but was perhaps the finest and most pretentious in appointments.

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, THE TRUE MEASURE OF A RADIO STATION'S POPULARITY IS IN THE SERVICE IT PROVIDES ITS LISTENING AUDIENCE. THE PREFERENCE FOR KSL, THEREFORE, REFLECTS THE CAREFUL ATTENTION THROUGH FIFTEEN YEARS OF BROADCASTING TO THE DESIRES OF WESTERN AMERICA FOR INTERESTING LOCAL AND NATIONAL PROGRAMS, FOR RAPID AND ACCURATE NEWS COVERAGE, FOR COOPERATION IN BUILDING A GREATER AND A MORE ALERT WESTERN EMPIRE.

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Bon Voyage

• • on the Sea of Life

To make the crossing of life's sea a pleasant and smooth voyage one cannot choose a better craft than the good old ship "Beneficial Life". It will guide you safely through narrow channels, along rocky coast lines, through storms and squalls and bring you, at last, safely into port.

This Alaska-bound ship theme is used in this advertisement in compliment to Beneficial Life agents who are now "on board", as a reward for unusual individual achievement during the past year.

IF IT'S A BENEFICIAL POLICY, IT'S THE BEST POLICY YOU CAN BUY.

Photo by Harrison R. Merrill.

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GEO. J. CANNON, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRES.

HOME OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY